Week ending August 27 1955 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD: beginning a series of eye-witness articles by Harry Hopkins

CYPRUS
THE TURBULENT ISLAND

'SEA-WYF AND BISCUIT': J. M. Scott's new novel

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EDITORIAL

The nation's books

BRITAIN'S national library has reached a crisis. Besides housing the nation's greatest historical treasures, the British Museum is also the legal repository of the printed word. Under the Copyright Act of 1911, the Museum must receive and preserve a copy of every book and newspaper produced in Britain.

The newspaper files have been banished to Hendon. But the Museum itself, in Bloomsbury, now contains more than six million books, in addition to maps and music. It is full.

The seventy-five miles of shelves are bulging. Every year another one and a quarter miles are needed. Makeshift efforts to crowd more books into the building may be possible for another twenty-five years at most.

THE Museum authorities, therefore, with the financial backing of the government, want to make compulsory purchase of seven and a half acres of adjoining property in Bloomsbury, on which to build a real National Library.

SIR THOMAS KENDRICK
His bookshelves are full

Such a project means displacing the shops and businesses which now cover the seven and a half acres, and about a thousand people who live there. Not unnaturally, they are raising stubborn objection, and demanding that the National Library should be built elsewhere.

But the books in the British Museum are not there merely to be stored. They are to be studied. They must be accessible on demand to the 130,000 students and other readers who use the library every year.

As Sir Thomas Kendrick, Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, declares: "If it is to maintain and develop its services to readers, the library needs replanning on a new site. But it is a necessary part of the Museum, and it would be disastrous to move it to some distant place."

SIR THOMAS first argued the Museum's case at a public inquiry in 1952. Now the Housing Minister, Mr. Duncan Sandys, has decided that the plan shall go ahead —but local interests are still fighting. Holborn Council and Chamber of Commerce are demanding an independent inquiry.

The protests are understandable. Nobody likes being shifted from office or home, even when properly recompensed. But the National Library project is too important to be yielded to such considerations. Not only academic scholars are involved. The books are just as essential to scientists, industrial workers and professional people.

They cannot be contained much longer in their existing premises. There must be a National Library big enough to house Britain's books for centuries to come, and it ought to stand alongside the Museum. Practical reasons, and national prestige, demand it.

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FREE SPEECH: 4, 6. THIS WEEK'S COVER: 6.
GUESS WHAT?: 37. IT'S THE CUSTOM: 43.

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FREE SPEECH

A steady job takes zest from life

TEACHERS and employers believe that, thanks to the use of aptitude tests, few children today find their way into unsuitable jobs.

In my view "the right job" has its drawbacks. I left school without a notion of what I wanted to do, and worked in turn as a motor mechanic, seaman, commercial traveller, actor, and travel agent.

Each job taught me more about people, broadened my outlook and sharpened my zest for life.

I am now the owner of several shops, but if I had gone into a bank, on the advice of an aptitude expert, I might have languished there for ever.— P. R., Bristol.

Perilous Voyage

SAILING a catamaran, or double canoe, almost a perfect copy of the model of a Polynesian canoe in the British Museum, my wife Ruth and I—with a German girl, Jutta, as our crew—plan to depart from Ostend soon on a voyage to the Pacific.

The Polynesians were a long way ahead of us. Although a racing version of our craft, which we call the

Jutta and Ruth on the catamaran

Tangaroa, is considered the very latest thing in modern yacht design, similar boats were sailing the Pacific less than four hundred years after the original Kon Tiki voyages in 800 A.D. on balsa-wood rafts.

New Zealand was discovered in catamarans, and this helps to give us the confidence to sail down the Channel to Spain, and points west. —JIM WHARRAM, Ostend, Belgium.

The Wharrams, who come from Wythenshawe, Manchester, proved their catamaran's worth with a trip from Whitstable, in Kent, across the North Sea to Blankenberghe, Belgium, north to the coast of Holland and then up the Rhine as far as Dusseldorf.

Bone Geography

IF one is faced with an injured person in need of help, a knowledge of the "geography" of the inner frame is of more use than a knowledge of the Hebrides. A live person is worth more than a dead language, so first aid should be taught in schools, instead of Latin.—A. A. PICKARD, Shipley, Yorkshire.

Normally, headmasters draw up their own curricula. Many schools teach first aid as part of their physical training classes, and it is usually taught thoroughly in the pre-Service units.

Robert's Rushes

IN "The Searchers" (JOHN BULL, July 23) Amos sings "Green grow the rushes, oh", as an old song from the Mexican wars. But Robert Burns wrote the ballad, which begins—

"There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na' for the lasses, O!"

Then comes the chorus—*"Green grow the rushes, O!"*

No doubt many different versions of the song exist.—F. C. LAMB, Liverpool, Lancashire.

Bad Boys

A PSYCHOLOGIST is reported as saying that slightly more juvenile delinquents come from church-going homes than from homes where church is unknown.

As a schoolmaster of more than twenty-five years' experience, I find this incredible. Of all the "bad boys" I have known, not one has come from a home where the parents

and the children were regular supporters of a branch of the Christian Church.—J. E. BROWN, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1.

. . . In the Lebanon I was invited by the muktah, or mayor, of a mountain village to the trial of two French Colonial soldiers accused of plundering the lemon grove of a very old man. They were condemned to three hours' work daily in the plaintiff's lemon grove, until the value of the stolen fruit had been completely restored.—J. RICHARDS, Great Crosby, Liverpool, 23.

Northern Isles

SIX years ago I said in a JOHN BULL letter that the Orkney Islands were the most prosperous part of Britain. Today the story is different, for though the opportunities are still there young people are leaving the northern isles of the group for Kirkwall, and the cities of the mainland.

The Welfare State, with its centralized services, is blamed. Island children are taken away and given a secondary education with a bias towards industry. But rural pursuits must be followed by those who are desperately needed if the isles are to stay inhabited.—F. HENGAN, Glasgow.

. . . I disembarked in Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, on a cold, damp morning after a holiday spent in Aberdeen and Edinburgh in a heat wave. I cannot express my thankfulness to be home again, away from the dirt, the noise, the crowded

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

THE TRIGAMIST

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by LESLIE BONNET

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127 resistances
66 thingummyjigs
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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

beaches, the hot, dusty pavements, and Edinburgh's filthy buildings.

Back in my remote village I appreciate all the more the peace, the cleanliness, and the beauty of hills and cliffs. — MRS. M. W. SMITH, Eshaness, Lerwick, Shetland.

Worth Knowing

RECENTLY, with five other representatives of firms making goods ranging from corsets to pens, I took part in a "time and motion" study arranged by the British Productivity Council at the Exeter sports goods firm mentioned in the JOHN BULL editorial of July 23.

Our hosts included an executive familiar with the making of cricket stumps for thirty years. Yet he was surprised, with the rest of us, to work out within a week how to cut production time by thirty per cent—without the use of a stop-watch.

The chief problem lies not so much in obtaining the co-operation of the T.U.C., as selling the idea to manufacturers who think they know all there is to know of their particular product.—J. PERRETT, Exeter.

Young Heroes

CHILDREN are the heroes of Dinkelsbuehl, a picturesque town in northern Bavaria. Every year a festival is staged to honour the saving of the town from the Swedes by children in the Thirty Years War which ended in 1648.

The story is that when the Swedish commander entered the town, which

Toy-soldier salute by boy "troops"

he threatened to plunder and burn, a group of children walked singing towards him, successfully pleading that their town should be spared.

At the festival I saw young local boys parade in toy soldier uniform. Their special pride is a fifty-strong brass band, famed throughout Germany.—T. W., Harwich.

Beating Heat

THE warm summer, and the forecast of more good summers to come, should have convinced our sceptics of the need for more open-air cafés and restaurants. In London and other large towns, perspiring office workers and visitors have looked in vain for refreshments in the open. The few places in London where meals can be taken out of doors are inadequate.—M. CAERBURN, Brook Green, London, W.14.

. . . More open-air swimming pools are needed, and would soon pay their way. In all central London there is only one; in the Leeds area—often the hottest in the country—there are two. Other inland cities are equally badly served, yet the existing pools are often packed to capacity.—E. N., Ripon, Yorkshire.

Taxi Thrills

TAXI-CAB drivers sometimes have an exciting life, thanks to two-way radio (JOHN BULL, July 23). Often they work with the police in reporting accidents, bad traffic jams and crime. In one case an escaping car

was chased by a radio cab and the route was broadcast by the driver to his control, then to the police and on to a patrol car. Once a driver sent an S O S for the fire brigade, then woke the people in a blazing house and saved their lives.—D. TAYLOR, Darville Road, London, N.16.

Fairies Hold On

IN an age of jets and atom bombs it is amazing to find old superstitions still existing among grown men.

In Limerick a lios, or fort, called Fairy Forts stands on ground due to be cleared for civic development. But workmen refused to touch the fort, and would accept dismissal rather than clear the site.

The plans were changed, but although the city manager offered a good reward still he could not find anyone to bulldoze the fort.

Long live our Irish fairies! — F. O'CONNOR, Limerick, Eire.

Limerick's city manager has now found a local man willing to demolish the fort—in spite of the fairies.

Why Hurry?

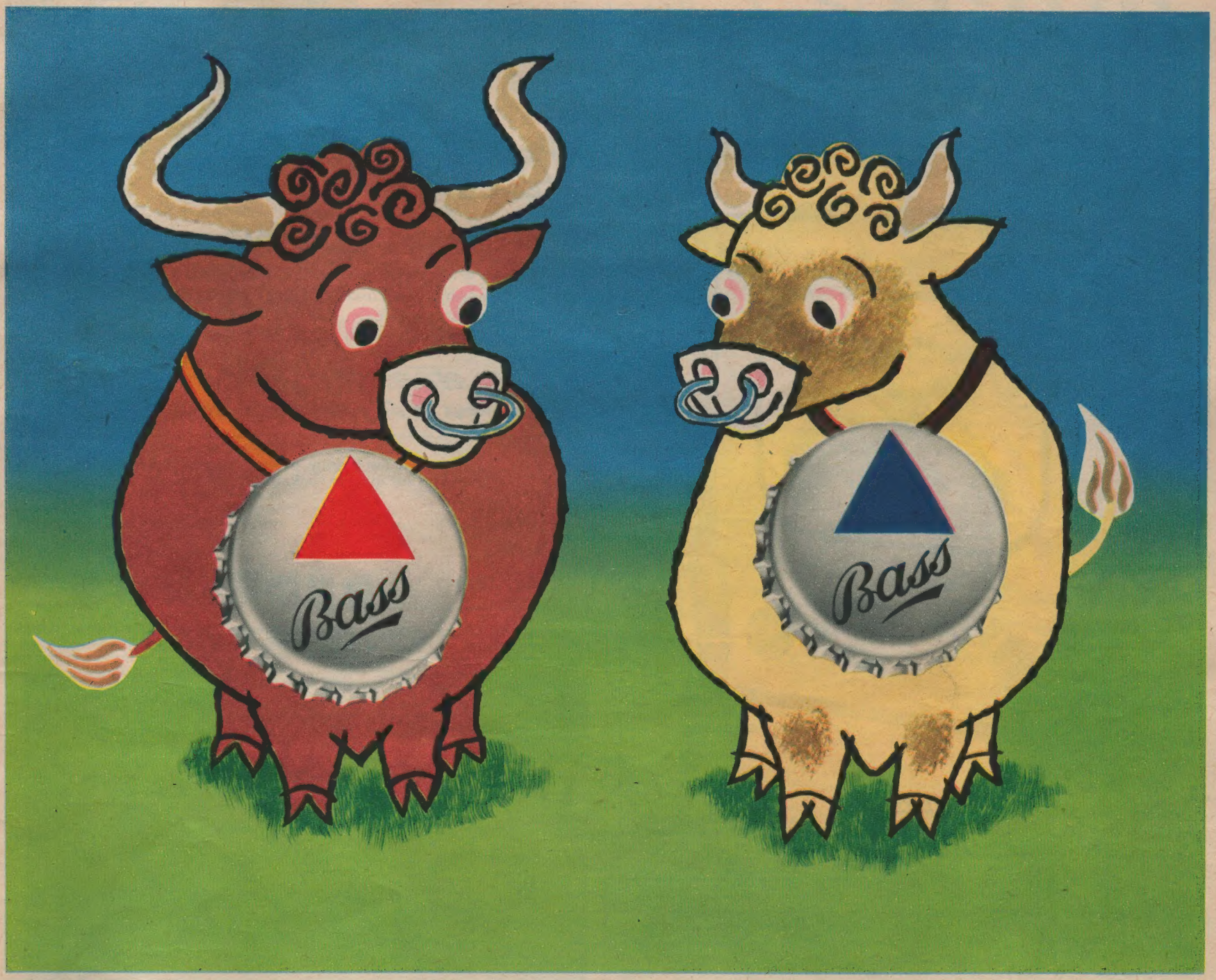
IN Canada I saw three amusing road signs. The first, in a small village, said: "Please drive carefully—we love our children." Another was on the back of a florist's van: "Drive slowly, or the next load may be yours." The third, which is very appropriate to the Canadian way of life, read: "Honestly, now; what's the hurry?"—A. B. L., Stanmore, Middlesex.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

SOONER or later, almost everyone has a baptism in country lore, and usually haymaking is the ceremony. It's a trap that the country springs on even the most urbane of visitors to teach them how busy life is on the sleepy-looking land. But the effort is its own rich reward, and it's only in the long shadow of a day's work that cheese sandwiches and cold tea taste like a harvest feast. Ronald Lampitt's haymaking scene is set at Snowshill, his favourite among the quiet Cotswold villages. As an artist, his only regret is the square tidiness of modern hay bales compared with the soft shape of a traditional rick which was once the very symbol of the countryside.

What's your triangle ?



Red or Blue

Bass Red Triangle is a beer the barman pours with pride. The slight sediment of its maturity, like that of a rare wine, should stay in the bottle. You are left with a glass of invigorating, sparkling ale—a *great* ale. You'll feel it putting strength into you.

Bass Blue Triangle is the same good Burton ale, naturally matured, but with the sediment removed *before* bottling. Crystal clear, handle it how you may, Blue Triangle is enjoyed by old and young. Order it in your favourite local or at any outdoor event.

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With Bush Telepic you will be able *instantly* to tune to the new I.T.A. programmes—or to future stations on Bands 1 and 3. Offering 13 channels, this exclusive Bush feature is simple in construction and simple in operation. It calls for no receiver modification by your dealer—even if you move to another part of the country—and there is no complicated mechanism to go wrong. In the Bush tradition of reliability, Telepic is the *trouble-free* method of station selection. You'll find that Telepic tuning gives a thrilling new emphasis to Bush value!

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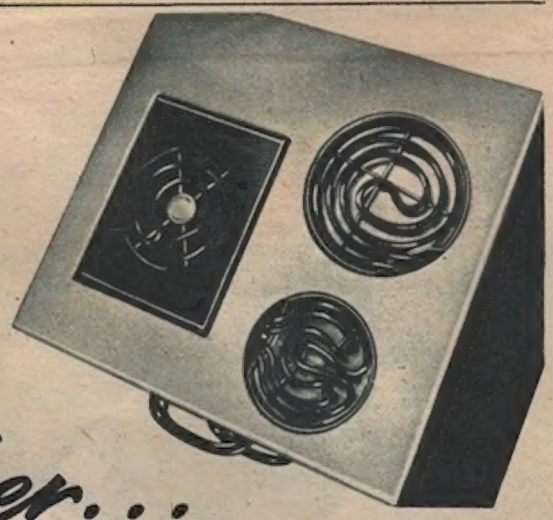

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HARRY HOPKINS begins a new series of eye-witness articles on the shaping of our future at the CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

CYPRUS, THE TURBULENT ISLAND

PRIVATE JAMES BATTLE of the Green Howards climbed down from the top of the ladder, paint spray in hand, and came across towards us. Rubber hose snaked behind him. He pushed the white mask from his mouth, and said, seriously: "Well, it's sort of getting ready for Civvy Street. That's how I look at it. I haven't got long to do now, you see."

Before us, the lines of high iron-clad sheds —their girders still showing naked in places— stretched for a mile or so down the old Larnaca airstrip before they ended just short of the blue Mediterranean. Little groups of soldiers, in denims and floppy hats, moved about the growing buildings, climbing on the roofs to hang cladding, fixing windows, mixing paint, wielding the hissing paint guns. A

Like many other British families, R.Q.M.S. Oliver, his wife and son, find themselves living in Cyprus—a new strategic spot in political turmoil

In Dhekelia, new barracks go up. Some are already occupied. They have small rooms, communal lounges and bedside lamps. But some soldiers do not

big progress board, outside the company office, showed that the job was on schedule.

Certainly, it was hardly an infantry job; but as the army moved into Cyprus, there was much building to be done. So the Green Howards had been sent for a short course to the Royal Engineers at Famagusta and then set to drill the foundations. Almost at once they had taken to the job. The men relished the informality; they liked working in small parties; and there was something to show for their work.

When a gang got bored with steel-erecting or hanging cladding, the major would switch them for a change to painting or glazing. At the lunchtime break you could just walk down for a dip in the sea. And if a squad exceeded its weekly work quota, it got a bonus in the shape of an early knock-off on Friday.

It was no more than a happy accident that a good many of the men of this 2nd Battalion of the Green Howards hailed from the iron-and-steel towns of north-eastern England. James Battle, a National Service man from Middlesbrough, had worked in the constructional section of Dorman Long's. A few yards away with a group cleaning rusted-up nuts and bolts, I found a boilermaker from Saltburn. Whether this had anything to do with it or not, the work went with an easy professional swing.

In a matter of weeks the last of the long lines of storage sheds would be finished—ready to receive the stores that were coming across from the Canal Zone.

And as the landing craft ferried the first loads across from Suez, the slow redeployment of British forces in this critical area would move one step nearer completion, bringing a new look to British diplomacy in the Middle East and a tearing boom to this beautiful, formerly pastoral island, half the size of Wales.

On the island's south coast, not far from the ruins of Apollo's temple, the white blocks of the new Middle East joint air-land headquarters are rising near the once drowsy village of Episkopi. Fifty miles eastwards, along the coast, at Dhekelia, the streets of a new army town climb gently about the olive-dotted hillsides that slope up from the blue waters of Larnaca Bay.

Cyprus, nerve centre of Middle East defences. Only forty miles from Turkey and sixty from the coast of Syria, it is a springboard from which troops could be swiftly sent to any trouble spot

Plan To Spend £50 Million

Between these points, a broad flat promontory, fretted by a great salt lake, juts out into the sea. It offers a site remarkably free from all obstructions, and here at Akrotiri, in a place so desolate that a seven-mile approach road had to be built to get there, the R.A.F. is constructing what will be one of the biggest airfields in the Middle East, with a cantonment and a hospital.

By 1962, when the work should be completed, the bill will total around £50 million. Deliberately, the programme has been slowed and the expenditure spread over a period in order to avoid total dislocation of the island's modest economy. But already the effects are spectacular enough. Dark gaps gape in the narrow streets of Nicosia's old walled town as old Turkish or Victorian buildings are torn down and ferro-concrete structures take their place.

Land values rocket till an acre of land in the fast developing area outside the city's confining wall will bring £12,000 to £15,000. House property trebles and quadruples in value as Cypriot occupiers take to living in their garages and letting their houses to British service families at handsome profits. Dowries—always an excellent economic barometer—rise to unthought-of heights and a village schoolteacher who would formerly have found a well satisfied husband with a dowry of £200 may now enter the marriage market with £2,500, a house and an acre.

Cypriots as a whole seem, it is true, as yet only dimly aware of the revolution that is overtaking them. They continue to sit, as ever, on those squat, square, unaccommodating Cypriot chairs—which might almost be taken as the symbol of the island—sitting on one, resting

approve. "Comfort destroys comradeship," they say

their feet on the rungs of another, their coffee cup and water-glass on the third.

Of course, they have seen soldiers before. They have seen them come and they have seen them go, and all the panoply of empire with them. The geographical position of Cyprus has ensured it; made it a part of their collective experience. The Egyptians, the Persians, the Romans, the Byzantines came and ruled and departed. In the name of Islam the Arabs launched successive holy wars against the island; in the ninth century it is said that Harun el Rashid himself led the attack, carrying 16,000 islanders away into captivity.

The Crusaders struck back, building the story-book castles of honey-coloured sandstone which still enrich the island scene. Richard Coeur de Lion landed near Limassol, married there his Queen, Berengaria of Navarre, and moved on, handing the island over—for a consideration of £100,000—to the Knights Templar. The Knights, the "West's" spearhead in that earlier long-drawn ideological conflict, gave way in their turn to the Lusignan kings of Jerusalem.

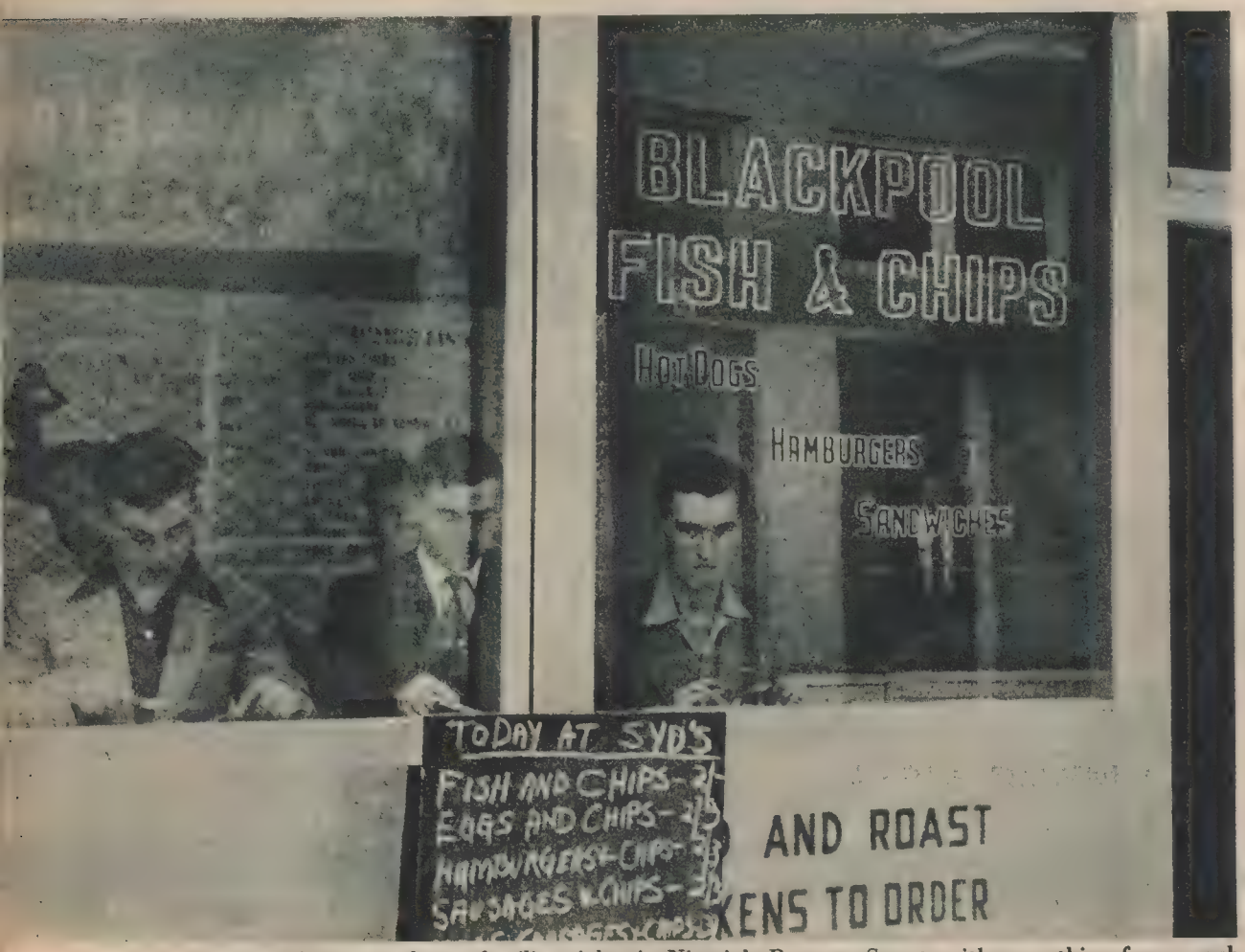
In the wake of the Lusignans came the soldiers of the strong city-state of Venice and the prancing skittish lions of the Lusignan arms were now joined on the island by these more dignified beasts, the lions of St. Mark, that still gaze out benignly from Famagusta's Sea Gate. Indefatigable fortifiers, the Venetians constructed the tremendous walls and bastions and moats which still hold the old towns of Nicosia and Famagusta in their rigid grip, but which did not, nevertheless, save their builders from being starved into submission by the besieging and vengeful Turk.

Occupiers Left Their Mark

From Crusader crosses to British afternoon tea, the successive occupiers left their imprint upon the island. And the Cypriots, presumably, merely went on sitting outside their houses, on the pavements, on those squat, square Cypriot chairs, watching history go by with the greatest good humour. They watched the great Gothic cathedrals of Nicosia and Famagusta shooting up slender minarets as the Turks arrived and turned them into mosques. They watched, with the same disinterest, the British redcoats landing in 1878—the result of a secret deal between

Outwardly, there are few signs of unrest. Cypriots sit, as they have done through the ages, with their feet on one chair and their coffee on another. Many are appalled by outbursts of violence

There is no shortage of entertainment in Cyprus. Every town has its cabaret, and after the show comes dancing; partners are available at four shillings a dance. For the troops, money soon goes



Homesick Britons seek out familiar sights in Nicosia's Regaena Street, with everything from a pub to a fish and chip shop. Football pools, too, enjoy a boom, and postal orders are often sold out

Disraeli and the Sultan after Turkey's defeat by the Russians.

Disraeli's agreement laid down that as long as the Russians continued to hold the former Turkish areas of Kars, Ardahan and Batum, Britain might stay in Cyprus to checkmate them. It was the time when London was happily whistling and humming the famous "By Jingo" hit of the music halls with its defiantly howled-out punch-line: "The Russians shall not have Con—stan—tin—o—ople!"

As it turned out, four years later British troops moved into Egypt and our new Mediterranean acquisition sank quickly back into obscurity. Only now, seventy years later, as the landing-craft ferry their loads across from the Canal Zone and the contractors' lorries roll about the island roads, are Disraeli's geopolitical instincts finally proved sound.

But as Britain's Mediterranean strategy develops its new look, the rôle of Cyprus changes. It is no longer the island fortress, the red on the map, the "Gibraltar of the East Mediterranean" as Disraeli conceived it.

Nerve Centre Of Defences

It is not even, a headquarters colonel explained to me in his temporary hut office, strictly speaking a "base." For the island has only one regular harbour where medium-sized ships can get alongside the quay. Rather, said the colonel, the rôle of Cyprus in the fifties is that of a "nerve centre."

The colonel got up from his desk and ran a ruler lightly over a wall map of the Mediterranean. The ruler found the familiar name of Tobruk, then ran on, along the desert road to Derna and Benghazi and Homs and Tripoli. Our treaty with Libya, he pointed out, lets us keep our forces there for twenty years.

Then the ruler moved on, eastwards now, to the Red Sea at the top of whose eastern horn lies Aqaba, where we have an armoured detachment and the Jordanians are busy building a new port. It paused for a moment over the R.A.F.'s desert base at El Adem, leaped across to their other airfield, at Castel Benito, only a few miles from the vast U.S. air base at Wheelus Field—and then came back to the Canal Zone.

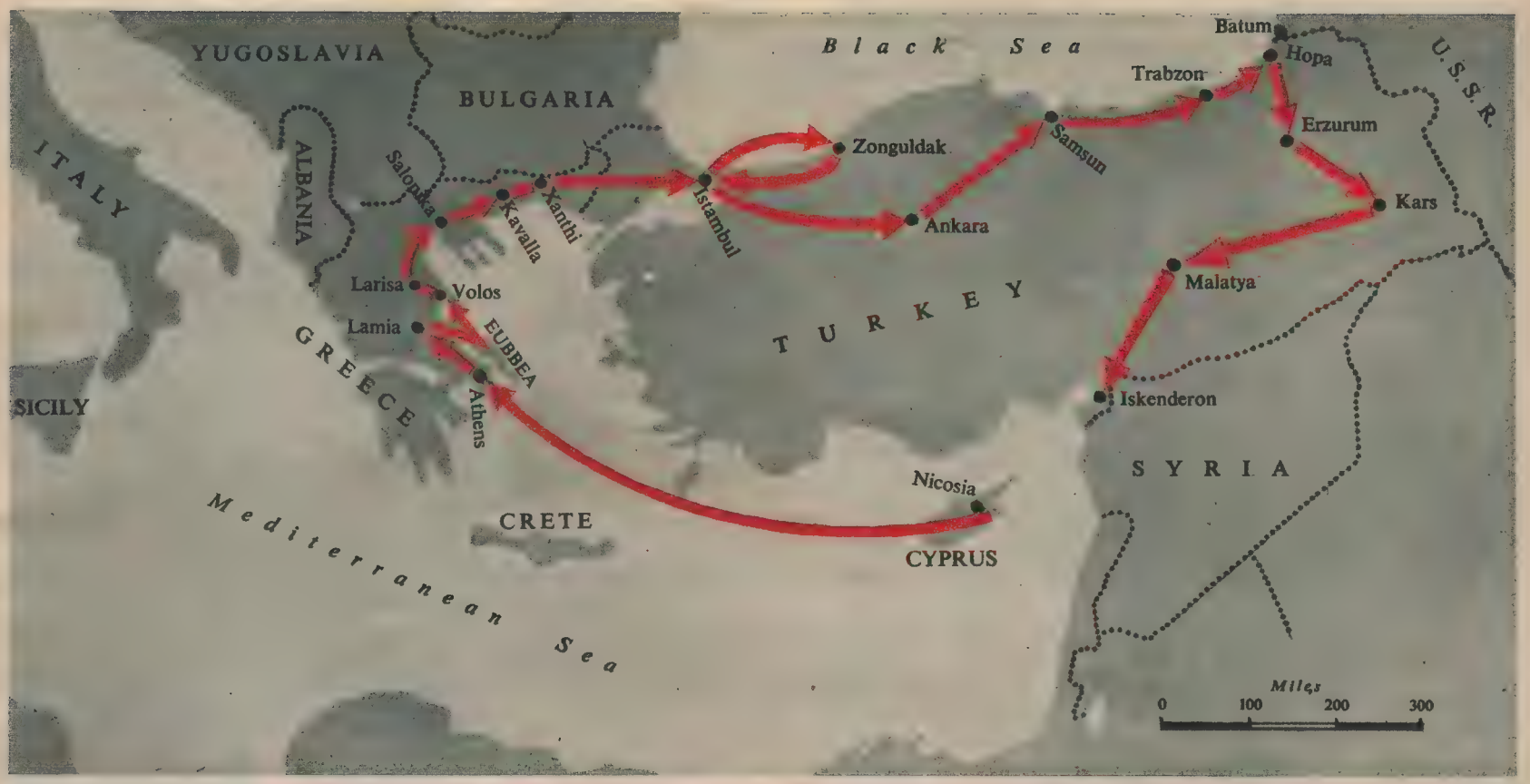
The Zone is still a vital part of the system. Though the last of the troops will have gone by 1956, between six and eight hundred British civilian technicians, aided by some thousands of Egyptians, will still be at work there, keeping the big workshops and storehouses ready for instant use under the new treaty should Egypt, or any of the Arab League states or Turkey, come under attack.

Advance Force On Island

The colonel's ruler came back then to this small saucepan-shaped island at the end of the Mediterranean—the "nerve centre" and headquarters in this new atomic age dispersion, the control point of a defence network stretching back as far as Britain. For the strategic reserve, said the colonel, would now be kept at home. It could be flown out very quickly, if the "heavy stuff" was out already. In Cyprus itself there would be only one independent brigade group, plus headquarters R.E.M.E., R.A.O.C., R.A.S.C. and so on—an advance force which from this handy platform might be instantly launched anywhere in the Middle East.

Certainly, as a "nerve centre," a sort of control tower of airborne war, Cyprus is well placed. The island lies forty miles from Turkey, sixty miles from the coast of Syria and Lebanon, 240 from Egypt and Suez. Stationed there, the British soldier watches over the crossroads of the world. He guards the meeting place of three continents. The land bridge between Asia and Europe lies at his feet.

And, as he looks round from his Cyprus watch-tower today, sweeping his binoculars, metaphorically, around this vital half of the vital sea, he watches a world in flux, torn this way and



The first stages of Harry Hopkins's journey. Next he visited the Arab states, Egypt, Libya and Malta, which he describes later in the series

that under a thousand violent political and economic stresses, a world far from the certitudes his father knew in the days when the Union Jack waved unchallenged over most of the Middle East and the fleet turned the Mediterranean into a British lake.

Surrounded By Uncertainty

There is Greece, the long rocky left flank, pledged to Nato now, a part of the system, yet still convalescent, still healing the deep scars of her long civil war, still uncertain of her future; there is Greece's fellow Nato member, Turkey, "sick man of Europe" turned into a young giant after one of the strangest revolutions in history, still suffering, perhaps, from growing pains, yet keeper of straits and of the long frontier with Russia; and then the "soft underbelly" of the Arab states resentful of the West's successive "betrayals," torn by internal dissensions and rivalries, yet, all the time, advancing at an ever increasing pace into modern times.

Southward, then, to a new and unfamiliar Egypt, an Egypt young and eager, confounding the prophets of doom. Yet an Egypt still full of question marks. Could this newly confident Egypt help to deliver the other Arab states from their fumblings and falterings? Could it at last show the way ahead so clearly that the Middle East might catch up with the march of the world? Or was this merely one more "reformist phase" with the pashas and corrupt old politicians waiting in the wings?

Then that strange new oasis state, Libya, the United Nation's first child, the new approach to the "Arab problem," a country of vast distances, leasing her space—the one commodity she has no lack of—to the armed forces of Britain and America, struggling, a little doubtfully yet, towards full nationhood. And, northwards from Tripoli, closing the critical circle, Malta, the ancient fortress, so redolent of "Rule Britannia" and imperial might, but now with not one flag, but six, the Nato powers', flying from one of her biggest buildings, and a Maltese Labour Government asking for "integration" with Britain.

It is a diverse enough world, and yet it has a certain unity. All of it, save Malta, where the Sultan's hosts were turned back, once lay under the rule of the Turkish empire. And when the crescent retreated, the Union Jack flew in its stead, and the Pax Britannica made the Levant safe for a thousand inquiring travel writers.

The tense is past—for as exploding time-bombs and grenades are underlining even in this complacent island, Cyprus, the old imperialism's days are done, the old order finally swept away in a swirl of heady Western ideas, nationalist fervour and fabulous oil royalties.

How will the vacuum be filled—as filled it must be? What sort of new world can emerge from the fogs of confusion and recrimination that at present envelop the Middle East, a new world somehow compounded from nationalist aspirations and Western techniques, from high purpose and low personal ambition, Nato, "Point Four," F.A.O., W.H.O., I.L.O., Unesco and all the alphabetical phantasmagoria of twentieth-century nation-building?

Can a structure of some new material, light but strong, somehow be designed that will bear the unprecedented strains and stresses being laid upon it? Or will the whole thing, as some say, prove no more than a house of cards doomed to collapse before the remorseless pressure of a newer, harsher imperialism armed with more potent weapons?

The answers certainly were not to be found in Cyprus. But Cyprus, at least, was a good starting point. From the ramparts of Famagusta, so solidly constructed by the engineers of Venice, I looked forward to a journey which followed the wide sweep of the British soldier's vision from his island watch-tower, moving from Greece to Turkey, and then down through the Arab states, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, to the new republic of Egypt and the new kingdom of Libya. By the time I reached Malta, it seemed to me that I might have a much better idea of the answers.

HARRY HOPKINS, author of the colourful human series, "Journey Into Britain," has returned from a vital tour of investigation to the pivotal point of world power—the Eastern Mediterranean, where three continents meet. For four months, covering thousands of miles by plane, ship, pick-up truck and jeep, he visited the places and met the people around whom the turmoil of national and international politics revolves. His first six articles in the series, *Crossroads Of The World*, deal with Cyprus, Greece and Turkey—and with life on the vital Russian frontier, in sight of the lights of Batum.

Rioters' Chants In The Air

Meanwhile, at the pivotal point, on Cyprus itself, through all the political "noises off," the odd muffled bangs of home-made bombs, the chanted cries of *"Enosis!"* the army and air force's preparations for turning the island into their joint Middle East headquarters were going steadily ahead.

I stood one morning on the shores of Larnaca Bay, with the blue Mediterranean lapping softly below, and watched the contractors' lorries moving about the streets of the army's growing new town of Dhekelia, rising gently among hillsides dappled with silver-green olive trees.

"Come over and have a look at the Model Room," said the R.E. colonel in charge of operations.

Inside, an enormous reconstruction of the landscape and the town-to-be filled the floor at our feet. I saw that the new town, stretching for a mile-and-a-half along the coast, was built over gentle hills and valleys running in from the shore. The colonel showed me how the houses, modern, pleasant semi-detacheds, equipped with

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Sinners' Outing

by ***BRETON AMIS***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Some were going to the races, and some to the old church. At least, that was the intention. . . .

AS LONG AS they got full value for the weekly shillings they paid into the fund, the villagers of Mallow didn't care where they were taken for the Summer Outing, and part of the treat was the annual row between Major Tate and Mr. Legge.

In the opinion of the village, both these gentlemen were slightly round the bend. The major grew neat rows of red-hot pokers in his garden and had been seen saluting them; Mr. Legge spent most of his time in the churchyard scraping moss from mouldering tombstones.

Snorting like a tubed plater, the major had proposed Ramsdown races as the venue because he had a tip for Gay Garters and wanted to be there before the big money went on. Mr. Legge, gaunt and sepulchral, had proposed Midchett Minster which, he said, was famed for its decorated sarcophagi and recumbent effigies of long defunct warriors.

The major would have taken this as a personal insult, but the vicar intervened and asked for any further suggestions from the floor. Miss Minter said she would like to see Paris before she died. Sam Tyler wistfully recalled the good old days before the ladies tagged on, when they travelled by train, pulling down the blinds and playing solo and drinking beer there and back.

Both were persuaded to withdraw. On a show of hands the races gained twenty-two votes, and so did the Minster. After demanding three recounts, the major fixed the vicar with a bloodshot eye and told him to give his casting vote.

"And don't forget I've promised you the loan of my motor-mower," he added with a jovial smile that reminded the vicar of the gargoyle over the south porch.

"I intend to dedicate my new book on mortality emblems to you, vicar," said Mr. Legge. "I've promised the bishop a copy."

Remembering the wisdom of Solomon, the vicar suggested cutting the party in half and having two coaches, one for the races and the other for the Minster.

"Good for you!" said the major heartily. "If we can get two to one against Gay Garters you won't have to worry about those new surplices for the choir. You'll come with us, Vicar, of course?"

"I have already arranged for a guide to meet us at the Minster, Vicar," said Mr. Legge, "and Canon Plumleigh is looking forward to seeing you again."

The vicar sighed. "I hope it won't rain," he said.

But it did. It always rained on the day of the Summer Outing, and drought-stricken farmers made a note of the date in advance. On a cold, cheerless morning in August the forty-four members of the shilling-a-week club gathered in the village hall for the two coaches the vicar had hired from the market town.

Heavy going would suit Gay Garters, the major said, and Mr. Legge expatiated on the clarity of the Minster carillon after rain. The villagers divided into two groups, sporting and ecclesiastical. Then the vicar came sprinting through a downpour that made him wonder if he should have ordered two arks, to say that the coaches were in the square.

"I do believe it is going to clear," he said, rubbing his chilled hands and scattering raindrops from his beaky nose. "May I remind you once again that the front coach takes the major's party to Ramsdown races, six crates of pale ale provided in lieu of lunch, and the second coach takes our Midchett Minster party, lunch provided at the Silver Teapot. We part company at the cross roads."

"The goats from the lambs, the chaff from the wheat," said Mr. Legge mournfully. "I'm afraid your luck will be out, Major. As the prophet Isaiah says, 'Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink.'"

"Poaching," muttered the vicar, but no one heard him because the major was roaring, "Our prophet, begging your pardon, Vicar, is Captain Brown, who personally gave me Gay Garters for the Ramsdown Cup."

Amid cheers and counter cheers the race party cantered through the deluge to their coach, a length ahead of the Minster party. Entering into the spirit of the thing the rival drivers put on a burst of speed that made the village constable take out his notebook and then put it away again, feeling he hadn't an outsider's chance against the Church, the army, and the literary world.

IN the first coach the major was planning a military strategy. "We'll rush the bookies before the big stuff comes through. You'll wait for my signal. When I blow my nose——" he demonstrated, and the driver answered with a raucous blare on the horn "——you'll pick your man, make your bet, then retreat in an orderly manner to the coach."

Sam Tyler looked up from his morning paper. "Colonel Caution naps Waterspout for that race, sir," he ventured. "Sounds like a topical tip to me. The colonel's in form."

"Bally renegade," barked the major. "He

Before the major could decide on an inn, t

gives Sailor Boy in the first race and Old Sweat's running."

The argument went on until someone said it was opening time, and the major agreed that an early pink gin was in order on a field day. He rapped on the sliding window and spoke to the driver, who shook his head. The major spoke again, and his neck reddened—a danger signal.

"What, what, what?" he rapped. "Are you quite crazy, man? We *are* the party for the races."

But the driver said they weren't. "We're half way to Midchett Minster, sir," he told the major, "and that's where we're going because it's on my sheet and as far as I'm concerned orders is orders."

The major let rip with some very colourful comments on the sheet and countermanded the orders.

It made no difference—the driver appeared to have a prejudice against the army. For fear of dropping behind schedule he wouldn't stop, and to make it worse the crates of beer were in the boot of the other coach. The vicar had boobed on his briefing. What with the rain

clergyman advanced. "Our friends from Mallow," he boomed. "Midchett greets you. Before lunch, we have time for the crypt and the cloister garth"

blearing the windows and the fug of smoke, no one had noticed the coach branch on to the Minster road.

When he realized that even if they turned back they would miss the big race, the major tried to raise morale. "Minster towns always have a double portion of pubs," he consoled, "and pubs have bookies. You can skin them or come in with me when I make my bet by phone. Can't hope for more than evens, though," he added, and he made a resolve that the vicar should whistle for his new surplices. . . .

In the other coach, which had a colourful scattering of ladies, Mr. Legge was giving a little lecture on the burial urns of ancient Britons, and the vicar was brooding over the sin of envy that made him dislike Canon Plumleigh, when their driver called to them cheerily through the sliding window.

"First stop, ladies and gents. Ten minutes for a quick one. The chap who runs this place is an ex-jock who may be able to give you something hot."

"A nice, hot cup of tea," piped Miss Minter, but Mr. Legge told the man to drive on.

"Sorry, sir, but a stop is scheduled," the driver insisted. "Don't you worry—we'll be in good time for the selling plate which, if you ask me, is a snip for Sailor Boy. If you don't want to get damp shall I fetch a crate in from the boot?"

THE fact that a ghastly mistake had been made slowly dawned. The vicar said he didn't know what he could have been thinking of, and tried to hide behind a copy of the parish magazine. Mr. Legge argued passionately, but the driver said they couldn't swap horses in midstream, as it were. His coach had been booked to take a party to the races and to the races they were going. The boys at the depot had entrusted him with £5 to put on Waterspout for the cup and if he went back without the winnings they'd send him to Coventry, or worse still put him on the Minster run.

Miss Minter said she had never seen a horse-race, but was game for anything. The vicar said they were straws in the wind which blew where it listeth, and the coach went on with Mr. Legge sulking darkly and thinking up a new dedication for his book.

At twelve thirty-five precisely the first coach stopped in Midchett by the Minster. The major was the first to climb down and stretch his legs, and sniff the air that had that indefinable tang of hops and hassocks. With the critical eyes of connoisseurs he and his party gazed at a dozen different. swinging inn signs, but before they could come to any decision they were approached by a lean and friendly clergyman who pumped the major warmly by the hand.

"Our friends from Mallow," he boomed, "Midchett greets you. Mr. Legge wrote asking for a guide to be provided, and the canon has given me that pleasant assignment."

As an officer and a gentleman it was beyond the major to affront the cloth. The good name of Mallow was in his hands, so he squared his shoulders and raised his bowler. "My compliments, sir, to you and the canon," he began. "Unfortunately, Mr. Legge isn't with us——"

"No matter. This way, my dear sir, this way!" cried the clergyman. "Before lunch we have time for the crypt and the cloister garth. Afterwards, we will ascend the west tower. The view is magnificent."

The major was ex-cavalry, and never walked a

Continued on page 30

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The B.B.C.'s general goes into battle

by BRIAN CONNELL

At Broadcasting House, Sir Ian Jacob is quietly plotting the strategy to fight commercial TV. His hopes rest on loyal staff, a military mind, and public taste

IT WAS A SURPRISE TO Sir Ian Jacob when one day early in 1946 he was invited to call on Sir William Haley, then Director-General of the B.B.C. Sir William offered him the job of running the European Services. London was littered with generals with combat experience, and Sir Ian felt that there would be little scope for his talents in the peacetime army. A job with the B.B.C. seemed the perfect answer to his personal problems.

Sir Ian accepted the offer, though he had no idea what the B.B.C. was like. At first he found the atmosphere strange. The war-swollen staffs at Bush House were a weird amalgam of forty nationalities—with beards, suède shoes, long hair and a rich leavening of intellectuals. "I felt my first order ought to be 'get your hair cut,'" he told one of his senior subordinates later.

After twenty-eight years of military service, Sir Ian had no particular wish for a business career, and the continuing propaganda war in which the European Services were engaged seemed reasonably similar to the world problems with which he had been dealing on Churchill's private staff.

For three months Sir Ian lay low, reading scripts, sitting in on recording sessions, absorbing details of programme production and listening round the clock to the results. When he first arrived at the B.B.C., there was still an imperial Churchillian terseness about his minutes. "Let me know on one sheet of paper . . ." his requests would begin. He also brought one or two military clichés with him. "The object of this exercise . . ." he would say at policy meetings.

Now, Sir Ian Jacob is Director-General of the B.B.C., the largest broadcasting organization in the world. And he has to face the first crisis of competition in the thirty years of the Corporation's existence. Its three thousand television employees, the only experienced technicians and producers in the country, are open to the temptation of higher salaries with one of the programme contractors due to begin operations under the Independent Television Authority.

For the first time, the B.B.C. will have to compete in the open market for its actors, entertainers and commentators. Its staff salaries will have to approximate to a new market value. Apart from state occasions, which it covers so well and to which it may still have first broadcasting rights, the Corporation will have to

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Sir Ian arrives at Broadcasting House. "He puts all his personal lights on when he talks to you," says one of his senior executives

Biscuit looked out across the water. And then he saw it—away in the far distance, palm trees were showing on the horizon. Another island!

SEA-WYF AND BISCUIT

by J. M. SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Through all the weeks adrift, this girl had given them courage. Now, when they were safe on land, there was terror in her eyes

BULLDOG AND NUMBER FOUR, Sea-Wyf and Biscuit . . . . Those were the names they used, the four survivors from the San Felix, torpedoed in 1942. In the vastness of the Indian Ocean their rubber float was only a speck, and they had little hope of rescue. But on a daily mouthful of hard tack, a daily sip of water, they held grimly to life. . . .

Undoubtedly Number Four, a one-legged mulatto, knew their names—he had been purser of the ill-fated ship—but he never spoke them.

There were tensions aboard the float. The two white men disliked Number Four and he, in turn, was aggressive and truculent towards them. It was the girl, Sea-Wyf, who kept the peace and prevented their smouldering antagonism from flaring into a violence that would have destroyed them all.

Sea-Wyf was sane, and calm, and beautiful—so beautiful that they wondered how she had escaped notice aboard the San Felix. They trusted her, submitting to her gentle domination, and allowing her to divide the meagre rations. Biscuit, particularly, came under her spell. Frequently he felt that he understood her thoughts.

They had been on the float a fortnight when an electric storm broke overhead. For a time they had all the rainwater that their parched throats could swallow. But the storm passed and with the coming of night their spirits dropped again.

They had collected half a container of fresh water—enough for a few mouthfuls each. But what was the good of going on, of prolonging the torture? They sat brooding in the darkness, hating each other and, very nearly, life itself. . . .

PART THREE

"Biscuit, come back!"

THE silence was broken by Bulldog. "Have you no idea where we were in the San Felix?" he asked Number Four. His voice was angry. "Oh, I realize that wasn't your job. But you must have seen the chart or heard the captain say something, didn't you?"

Number Four shook his head in surly silence.

"Then can't you tell by the sun or the stars? I should have thought any sailor would have picked up some knowledge of navigation."

Again Number Four shook his head. "We better paddle till the wind comes," he said.

"If you had any idea in which direction to paddle, it would be a help——"

"We have been going westward all the time," Sea-Wyf said. "Surely we should continue to go west."

"Go west is right," Biscuit muttered. He felt tired of it all. Danger and hardship, which are supposed to bring out the best in people, had only made them childishly petulant and selfish.

All except Sea-Wyf, of course. Without her they would have killed each other long before. And perhaps, he thought, that would have been the best thing.

She was always taking the side of anyone who looked like being bullied. Chiefly Number Four. For himself, Biscuit, she did not seem to care. He was not jealous, but it seemed so silly. He was the only one who understood her.

About noon Biscuit felt that the heat was quite intolerable and, without saying anything to anybody, slipped over the side. He began to swim away from the float, and the water was gentle and cool. It seemed to wash away all his troubles. Even the sun, which had been burning him so cruelly, felt quite pleasant on his wet head. Everything was bright and blue and friendly. He swam slowly on.

"Biscuit," called Sea-Wyf's voice. "Biscuit!"

HE swam on. He had not realized before that he was going to end it all, but now he knew that he was going to do just that. He swam on. He had a sense of exaltation.

"Biscuit, come back!"

There was appeal in her voice. She minded. It was pleasant that she minded. But how

Continued on page 32

Her gaze was dark and troubled. "We must go," she implored them. "We must leave this island"

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Petrol builds our plastic future

by KEITH ELLIS

In a spectacular new British industry, petrochemicals are being exploited to make life easier. Already they are in paint and perfume; soon they may butter our daily bread

IN 1946, A LARGE BRITISH plastics firm obtained a small quantity of polythene for experiments. "We wanted to try it out," says Sydney Snell, the development director, "in making something fairly big but with a simple shape." By chance, the firm had just abandoned a project for making washing-up bowls in another plastic called urea. Polythene, which is light, flexible, unbreakable and unaffected by detergents or boiling water, seemed a suitable material for a washing-up bowl.

Within a year, the polythene bowl was on the market. After a slow start, orders swelled to a steady stream and then to a flood. At that time, polythene could be obtained only from America with strictly rationed dollars, and for the next two years the problem was not how to sell the bowls but how to allocate the supplies fairly. Since polythene became freely available in 1951, half a dozen different firms have started to make polythene bowls in a score of shapes and sizes.

New Factory Lowered Prices

The sudden availability of polythene was due to the full production of Imperial Chemical Industries' Wilton plant which manufactures chemicals from oil. The process is so cheap that the price of polythene bowls has dropped from 27s. 6d. to 12s. or less. The bowl is only one of hundreds of everyday articles which are now made from chemicals based on petroleum. By rearranging the atoms, scientists can transform petroleum oils and gases into thousands of chemical compounds which are taken for granted in every walk of life.

Cosmetics, perfumes, nail-varnish; tents, boats, spectacle frames; insecticides, fertilizers, soil-fumigants; clothes, detergents, plastics; things as various as the globe of a Belisha beacon and an artificial hip-joint may now be derived from oil. Petrochemicals, as these derivatives are called, serve man literally from the cradle to the grave. As a baby, he may be bathed in a petrochemical baby-bath; as a corpse, he may be buried in a petrochemical shroud. Petrochemicals are the print in books, the finish on cars, the dye in clothes.

Petrochemicals are one of Britain's most rapidly expanding industries. In 1949, Shell erected a £4 million plant at Stanlow, Cheshire. Two years later, I.C.I. opened its £17 million plant at Wilton, Yorkshire. A group of companies headed by Distillers and British Petroleum is spending £15 million at Grangemouth, Scotland.

Transforming The Home

In Spondon, Derbyshire, British Celanese have a plant to provide them primarily with raw materials for their fibre. At Partington, Manchester, a fifth group turns out paint solvents, plastics and anti-freeze.

The results are transforming the home. In the kitchen, petrochemical products may include bowls, buckets, sink-tidies; trays and all kinds of food containers; cups, saucers, plates and cutlery; scales, the draining-board, refrigerator fittings, the bristles in the broom, the paint on the walls, the tiles on the floor.

In the living-room, chair fabrics, curtains and lampshades may come from petrochemicals. So may the clock, the telephone, the radio cabinet and the lens of the television set. In the bathroom, petrochemicals may be responsible for the soap dish, the toothbrushes, the tooth glass, the paint on the tooth-paste tubes, the towel-rail and the lavatory seat.

William Mitchell, vice-chairman of the new Shell Chemical Company, explains: "Every

A group of shining cylinders at the Shell plant in Cheshire is called the "tank farm." It is a vast store for finished petrochemical products

year, organic chemicals play a greater part in our lives. In the past, they were obtained either from coal or from vegetable products. Today, they can often be obtained more cheaply and more conveniently from petroleum. Some chemicals now in use can be obtained in commercial quantities only from petroleum."

Like the washing-up bowl, its most successful domestic application, polythene itself was discovered by accident. In March, 1933, two chemists named Reginald Gibson and Edgar Fawcett were experimenting in the I.C.I. laboratories at Winnington, Cheshire, on the effects of high pressure on chemical reactions. In a routine experiment, they placed some benzaldehyde in a reaction vessel, heated it to 160 degrees centigrade and introduced ethylene gas at high pressure. The benzaldehyde was completely unaffected but the walls of the reaction vessel were coated with a "white, waxy solid" which analysis proved to be a hydro-carbon. They presumed it was the gas ethylene tranformed into a new state by the pressure.

Research Apparatus Blew Up

They tried the experiment without the benzaldehyde. Again, they found the white, waxy solid—but in extremely small quantities. Hoping for a greater yield, they increased the pressure in their next experiment but the apparatus blew up. There was no solid and the ethylene had violently decomposed into hydrogen and a gas called methane. When further experiments caused more explosions, the research manager ordered them to stop.

Two years later, a chemist named Michael Perrin remembered the experiment. By now, new equipment made an explosion unlikely and in December, 1935, Perrin applied pressure to ethylene alone. When he looked in the reaction vessel, he found it filled with a white powder which could be moulded and formed into thin sheets and threads. Perrin had rediscovered polythene.

Since 1951, polythene has become one of the commonest plastics. Flexible ink-tubes in ball-point pens, artificial shuttlecock feathers, "squeeze-bottles," either plain or in some fancy shape like a lemon or a teddy-bear—all these are polythene. It can be used for stiffening collars and as fabric for electric lamp shades.

Polythene is also the most adaptable electrical insulator yet discovered and during the war it helped to put our radar ahead of Germany's. It made possible the submarine telephone cable which is now being laid across the Atlantic. All other insulators were inadequate.

Useless Acid Gave Results

Unlike polythene, one of the best-known petrochemicals was discovered by pure theory. In 1941, a chemist named John R. Whinfield was reading some papers in his room at the Calico Printers' Association in Accrington, Lancashire. In a nearby laboratory, his colleague Dr. T. Dickson was heating two substances together in a test-tube. This experiment was to test an idea that Whinfield had been working on for more than ten years.

As a young man, he had worked with C. F. Cross, one of the discoverers of rayon.

An American named Carothers had hoped to discover a new fibre by reacting special types of alcohols with special types of acids. Unfortunately, the fibres he produced in this way melted at very low temperatures. Discouraged, he tried a new line. Instead of alcohols, he reacted his acids with diamines. One of these combinations gave him nylon.

Whinfield had studied Carothers's experiments with alcohols and wondered whether he might have been successful if he had reacted them with an acid of a more rigid molecular construction. One such was terephthalic acid, a substance discovered almost a century before but until then utterly useless.

It was terephthalic acid which Dickson was now reacting with ethylene glycol—while Whinfield was waiting in his room. If the thin liquid resulting from heating the mixture thickened into a solid, the experiment would be going well.

Suddenly, the door burst open. "It's set," said Dickson. Together, the two scientists rushed back to the laboratory. Whinfield dipped a glass rod into the sticky mess and drew out a long slender filament. When it was cool, he held its ends and pulled. It extended easily and naturally to about four times its original length. Whinfield was pretty sure by now that the experiment had been a success.

For several hours, the two chemists tested the substance. It was strong and pliable; it could be tied into knots without breaking; its melting point was almost three hundred degrees centigrade, as high as that of nylon. They knew then that they had discovered a new synthetic fibre. Whinfield called it Terylene.

Early in 1947, I.C.I. acquired the manufacturing rights of Terylene and Whinfield became a member of I.C.I.'s Terylene Council. Making the new fibre fitted perfectly into the production system at Wilton because both its constituents are easily derived from petroleum. Already I.C.I. has spent £5 million on Terylene research and is in the process of spending £18 million on plant. Current production is worth around £7 million a year. When a new plant is opened in 1956, total capacity will be 22 million pounds.

On at least one occasion Terylene's toughness

Almost everything in sight is plastic: beach toys, picnic hamper, clothes, crockery, cutlery

and tablecloth. At home, petrochemicals can be used in every room, from bathroom to lounge

has embarrassed a manufacturer. Norman Mimms, a technical officer in the service department, recently had sent to him a pair of grey trousers which had unaccountably turned white at the knees and seat. They were of mixed Terylene and wool. When he examined them, Mimms found that the wool had worn away here and there, leaving white patches of pure Terylene. "Instead of dyeing both the wool and the Terylene grey," he says, "the manufacturer had tried to economize by dyeing the wool black and leaving the Terylene its natural white."

Surprisingly, the gases which yield petrochemicals used to be considered merely as nuisances. The oil companies either burned them or used them as fuel. Nowadays, these gases are valued so highly that crude oil is specially treated to yield more of them—just to turn into chemicals.

At Stanlow, the Shell chemical plant takes gas oil from the adjoining refinery. "Extreme heat cracks the more complicated components into simpler ones," says Mitchell. "After using some of these as fuel, we're left with propylene, butylene and ethylene."

By simple chemical processes these chemicals are broken down to provide the ingredients of flavouring essences, perfumes, toilet waters, aeroplane dopes, paint removers, transparent wrappings, photographic film, explosives, and various plastics and solvents.

Remarkable as some of these new substances may seem, no scientist regards them as perfect. Terylene, like nylon, is non-absorbent, a quality which makes Terylene underwear or shirts uncomfortable in a hot climate.

New Fabric Attracted Dust

In 1950, the first showing of Terylene garments in London shop-windows happened to coincide with a fog, and shopkeepers complained that the garments were more than usually soiled. Investigators found that they had built up charges of static electricity which had attracted particles of dirt from the air. The defect has been partly cured by incorporating an anti-static agent in the finished article. Unfortunately, the agent washes out and the only way of reducing the static is to add a little detergent to the rinsing water.

Polythene, too, has faults. Prolonged exposure to fat causes it to flake, and since it melts at between 105 and 115 degrees centigrade it is impossible to boil water in a polythene washing-up bowl.

One woman who had made the mistake of placing her bowl on the hot-plate of a stove found, when she lifted it up, that the bottom was left sticking to the hot-plate. Coolly, she turned the remains of the bowl upside down, scooped the bottom of the bowl off the hot-plate with a spatula and, by judicious smoothing while it was still soft, grafted it on to the rest of the bowl.

Compared with America, Britain has made a late start with its petrochemical industry. As early as 1919, American oil and chemical companies were seeking means of converting into saleable chemicals the waste gases from oil refineries. By 1940, they were already producing a quarter of a million tons a year. Wartime shortages of natural raw materials further boosted the industry and today America manufactures eight million tons of petroleum chemicals a year.

Our Effort Since The War

In Britain, the petrochemical industry is largely a postwar development. In 1946, little oil was refined here and we produced only ten thousand tons of petrochemicals. When the great postwar refineries came into production, however, we too had an abundance of by-product gases and in 1954 produced an estimated 312,000 tons of petroleum chemicals.

The petrochemicals to which we are becoming accustomed in this country are only a tiny proportion of the number we shall eventually enjoy. In America, petroleum plants are turning out hundreds of chemicals which we still derive from traditional sources. The most important of these are glycerine, ammonia and artificial rubber. Others are nylon and p.v.c., the commonest of all plastics.

Already, I.C.I., Dunlop and Monsanto Chemicals have announced plans for making artificial rubber from petroleum in Britain, and another group is rumoured to be looking into the market for petroleum-based glycerine. But these are only the most spectacular plans being prepared by oil and chemical companies.

In America, scientists have already made synthetic butter from petroleum-derived glycerol and fatty acids, synthesized from natural gas. Dr. William C. Rose of the University of Illinois has even managed to keep volunteer students healthy on a diet of buttered wafers, vitamins and amino acids derived from oil.

Meanwhile, new uses are still being found for polythene. Chemists have developed a harder, tougher version for pipes. It not only acts as an insulator against the cold frosty weather but also allows expansion when the water inside does freeze. The result is that any number of frosts and thaws cannot burst the pipe. Oldham Corporation has used polythene pipes in outside lavatories and wash-houses which were especially troubled with bursts. So far, not one polythene pipe has burst. THE END

Edmund Rigg, a winner last year, puts final touches to a rockery. Exhibitors show slavish care. One man polished a ton of potatoes to select his entry

Three-day world of flowers

by JOHN ENNIS

For Geoffrey Nicholls it means a whole year's work. His foes are sudden gales—and visitors who help themselves

HEAVY-EYED THROUGH WANT of sleep, Geoffrey Nicholls stood in Victoria Park, Southport, and surveyed the wreckage. It was six o'clock on the morning of the 1948 Southport Flower Show, the first that Nicholls had organized. As he fell into bed the night before, after forty hours' continuous work on the final arrangements, the wind had been rising. In the night a gale, blowing direct from the sea, had whipped a well-planned showground into a debris-strewn turmoil.

Flapping canvas in the 80,000-foot main marquee had damaged blooms on the top tiers of the flower displays. Direction signs lay scattered around thirteen and a half acres of showground. The stout canvas of a tent measuring 124 feet by 40 feet was ripped, and the tent's main poles hung askew. Two of the men who were hammering in loosened tent pegs had been injured.

Nicholls knew that news of a wrecked showground would keep people away, and that a low attendance on even one of the three days of the show would mean a financial loss on the work of a year. With the showground manager he led the remaining men of the maintenance crews into a speedy repair job.

The wind was dropping as they replaced all the direction signs and righted the shaky tents. They cleared the torn tent while Nicholls hurriedly found new spaces for its exhibits.

By 9 a.m. the showground was immaculate. Nicholls convinced reporters that apart from the ruined tent there was no "Gale Wrecks Flower Show" story. The crowds poured in. Nicholls's first flower show, the organizing of which had turned out to be no armchair job, made a profit.

Soon afterwards the ailing flower show secretary for whom Nicholls had deputized retired, and Nicholls was appointed secretary in his place. One of his first tasks was to arrange a new layout of the showground, with the tents placed so as to offer the least possible resistance to the prevailing south-west wind.

Southport Flower Show has been called "The Chelsea of the North" by the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's uncle, who is president of the Royal Horticultural Society. The show was first staged in 1924 when Thomas Wolstenholme, then the town's publicity officer, thought of it as a way of attracting more visitors to Southport in the late summer.

The first show lost £500, but the loss has since been converted to an accumulated profit of nearly £20,000. Last year 121,883 people, a record, paid admission fees of up to 12s. 6d. during the three days of the show. To see all the 4,200 exhibits, a visitor must walk twelve miles.

As the show was becoming established as an annual event, a neighbouring resort, more brash in its methods than Southport, decided to compete. The rival claimed "The Largest Show in England." Determined not to succumb, yet anxious not to appear undignified enough to claim for Southport something that was not true, Wolstenholme advertised his show as "The World's Greatest Summer Flower Show," in the knowledge that the bigger show at Chelsea occurs in the spring. The show at the rival resort failed, and has never been repeated.

Nicholls, who at thirty-six is prematurely grey-haired, heads a team which works all the year round to prepare each show under the control of the flower show committee of Southport Corporation. Each year he prepares blueprints for building what is virtually a small town, with gas, water, electricity and telephone

Visitors get a preview of special displays, prepared in the Botanic Gardens

Geoffrey Nicholls (left) with Ephraim Patrick, showground manager

services, a fire station, restaurants, a post office and banks.

The blueprints are brought to reality by Ephraim Patrick, the town's parks superintendent and showground manager. Nicholls himself disclaims any tendency to owning green fingers. "Inky fingers, perhaps," he recently told an acquaintance.

Rivals Came To His Rescue

Though no expert gardener himself, he admires the modesty he finds in those who are. He once spoke of this to a famous horticulturist who replied, "No gardener has any 'side.' Nature has kicked him in the pants too often." His work is eased by exhibitors' interest in the show's success. Some years ago one man was seriously injured when his lorry crashed on his journey to Southport. The man insisted that the flower show office should be told that he could not erect his display. When an exhibit collapsed as its owner was putting final touches to the highest stage, rivals gathered round and worked to set it up again while the shaken exhibitor recovered from his fall.

The patience and care gardeners put into their hobby sometimes amazes Nicholls. One man, Kenneth Oswald, grew one hundred different varieties of potato on his allotment in Lancaster. He displayed five hundredweights of them in the 1948 show. To prepare them for exhibition he scrubbed them with a toothbrush. Before he decided on the best five hundredweight, he polished a ton of potatoes. Competing with some of Britain's biggest nurserymen, Oswald won a gold medal.

Nicholls, aided by Patrick and his parks staff and by men from other corporation departments, tries to have everything ready in plenty of time for each show, but there are always hitches.

At last year's show a seed firm asked for fifty tons of sand. Patrick provided it from the beach. Two years ago television cameramen arrived and also made demands. Patrick borrowed paving stones from the highways department and laid a level six-foot path three hundred feet long for the camera to roll along. He also erected a tower of tubular scaffolding by the show's horse-jumping ring and provided a tent for interviewing.

A few minutes before the telecast began, the B.B.C. men asked for a platform in the great marquee. Patrick hurriedly drove in a tractor and trailer, and lowered the extension board to provide a ramp for the camera dolly.

Some years ago, on the evening before opening day, Nicholls was confronted by an angry exhibitor who complained that another firm had erected a large glasshouse where his glasshouse should be. The man insisted on having the site he had paid for. When Nicholls and William Clark, parks supervisor before Patrick, went to the site they found the last pieces of glass being puttied into place.

Clark gathered twelve of his men and said, "I want that glasshouse moved within an hour."

The men clustered round the building and began stripping the still-wet putty from the window frames. In three-quarters of an hour, without breaking a single pane, they re-erected the glasshouse on its proper site.

Florists, as well as horticulturists, enter displays at Southport Flower Show. Judging at a show in Ireland some time ago, Patrick was impressed by a section for exhibits of tiny flowers in salt cellars, and he suggested a similar miniature class for Southport. There were thirty-four entries; the winner used a receptacle no bigger than a thimble.

Some of the visitors are oddly affected by the sight of thousands of colourful blooms, luscious fruits and appetizing vegetables. A desire to have these for their own sweeps through men, women and children of all social classes. As one recent show ended, stewards in one tent were slow in taking up their positions. Within five minutes spectators had stripped the exhibits.

Nicholls once saw a distinguished-looking woman picking up a plate of peaches in the great marquee. He questioned her right to the fruit, and she said she was a friend of the person exhibiting it. The exhibitor denied knowing anybody "silly enough to want peaches that are rotten underneath." Like the peaches, many flowers are past their prime after three days in the heat of the tents. Yet Nicholls has seen what he describes as "a rugby scrum" for full-blown flowers laid down by an exhibitor as he dismantled his display.

Visitors Snatched Roses

On at least one occasion this kleptomania spread to an exhibitor. Clark, before he retired, grew a distinctively coloured variety of phlox in a half-mile of herbaceous border along one side of the showground. On the evening of the first day of the show that year he recognized some of his phlox in a prize-winning display of bouquets. He said nothing. It would have been hard to prove that the blooms were his, and there was nothing in the rules to say that the flowers in the bouquets must be home-grown.

Most exhibiting firms accept a tradition that if any flowers or produce are sold when the show ends, the money paid for them goes to the assistants on the stands. Once Nicholls watched an assistant climb nine feet to the top tier of his firm's display, then lean down holding a large bunch of roses.

"How much for these?" the man shouted.

Half a dozen hands reached up and snatched.

"The assistant was left holding no more than the stalks," says Nicholls. "The roses were gone—thorns and all." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The disgraceful hero

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

She'd forgiven him the drink—and the betting. But this was a police affair!

SOME FOLK PITY A MAN with a managing wife, but whenever I think of Ted Brown, I reckon there is a lot to be said for a sensible woman taking over the reins and holding on tightly. Young Ted was working for me until this spring. Big and broad, with a red face and a lot of dark hair, he could do the job of two when he set his mind to it. I never saw a chap lift such loads, nor raise great stones so easily in mending a wall gap. He was decent, good natured, willing.

What let Ted down was a sort of feckless streak, to be excused in a child of nine or ten, but not at the age of twenty-four. Luckily for him, he got engaged to Elsie Millom, of Havergill, a girl with a firm chin and quick blue eyes.

The trouble started one day last autumn. We had gathered the sheep for the second dipping, and put through a lot in the afternoon. The rest were to be dipped the following morning. During breakfast I remembered I had promised Harry Turner, of Low Ground, a load of bracken and I told Ted he could nip down to Harry's place on the tractor, while I carted out the hot water and mixed the dip. He should be back in under the hour.

Two hours passed and there was no sign of Ted. I felt fairly wild. To head bunches of ewes from the intake into the fold, grab one after the other and dip them, all single handed, can be gunpowder to anybody's temper. At last he came chugging into the stack-yard, and I let fly.

Ted looked sheepish. "I'm sorry," he said, hurried across and started putting his back into things. Those ewes might have been wisps of straw, the way he picked them up and dowsed them, putting them in upside down as the depth of the dip lessened, to make sure of them getting a proper soaking as they heaved over to gain their feet.

Presently, calming a bit, I said: "Well, what have you been up to?"

He explained. Harry Turner was getting a new tractor. He had offered the old one to Ted for £200, twenty down and the rest by monthly instalments of ten. He had several people after it and had given Ted until Thursday to make up his mind.

I could well understand Ted wanting it. He had been promised the tenancy of Slapebank in Rowandale next March, and he and Elsie were to be married in February. Every penny he could save she had been spending on furniture, implements and whatnot. Two hundred was a deal of money, but a tractor would be a mighty boon to him over there.

I said: "It's a bargain. Best accept."

"Ay." He hesitated. "Trouble is, I've only got nine quid."

I was tempted to lend him the rest. Then, for his own good, I decided otherwise—at least, for the time being. Despite what Elsie had made him save, he ought to have had more. It was a mistake to make things too easy for him. Let him talk it over with Elsie, and rack his brains and see if he could raise the deposit.

I said: "Have a talk with Elsie tonight. Maybe she'll have ideas."

Ted nodded and his smile was wide and admiring. "Full of 'em, is Elsie."

He went over to Havergill in the evening and later I heard what happened there. First of all she told him off for having stains on his best trousers. He admitted to having milked in them.

"Ted, it's time you grew up. Haven't you any sense of responsibility?"

He looked down ruefully at the stains. "I was late up that morning. Slept in."

"Any excuse." She straightened his untidy hair. "Can't you afford a comb?"

"Seems I'm in disgrace," he mumbled.

"You nearly always are." She kissed him suddenly. "But I love you. Silly, isn't it?"

Bewildered and happy, he said: "I'm not good enough for you."

ELSIE'S blue eyes were shining and amused. "But you're bad enough," she said. "I couldn't care for a man who never needed helping." She went on: "There's something on your mind. What is it?"

"It's a tractor. Harry Turner's tractor." He explained the offer. "A tractor would make a deal of difference over at Slapebank."

"Yes. It would be a saving in the long run. You buy it, Ted. We'll manage to keep up with the instalments."

He stood on one foot, and on the other. He scratched his head. He looked out of the window at the night sky, mauve and starry above the dark loom of the fells. He said: "Reckon it'll be fine tomorrow."

Elsie smiled, and gave his arm a gentle

He turned guiltily and stared out of the

tug. "Come on then," she said. "Out with it."

He stared at the floor. "He wants the deposit by Thursday. I've only got nine quid."

She said in flaring rebuke: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I know you had sixteen pounds left over, and on Friday you got your pay. What have you done with it?"

"I dunno. Honestly, Elsie, it's sort of gone."

She leaned forward and wagged a finger in his face. "You went to Greyhaven on Saturday, didn't you? You wouldn't have got in with a lot of feckless young men and spent money on drinks? You wouldn't have placed some bets on horses? You wouldn't have——?"

"There was a repair bill for my motor-bike."

"How much?"

He swallowed. "Three pound seventeen."

She said sternly: "Ted Brown, when we're married I'll allow you a shilling a week, on a

window. "Reckon it'll be fine tomorrow," he muttered, changing the subject. Elsie tugged gently at his arm. "Come on," she said. "Out with it"

Saturday—and likely you'll waste that." And then, tickled by his expression of helpless penitence, she burst out laughing.

"You great, childish idiot! You're not fit to be in charge of money." Her forehead wrinkled thoughtfully. "We've got to have that tractor. I can just about scrape eleven pounds. Wait." She went upstairs and came back with the notes in her hand. "Here you are. Pay Harry Turner tomorrow."

Ted said with remorseful gratitude: "Elsie, I didn't ought——"

"Rubbish. It's for me as well as you. And don't you dare waste a day. Pay him tomorrow."

"I will. I'll pay him on my way to Greyhaven in the evening."

"Greyhaven? Oh, yes, I'd forgotten." There was a touch of anxiety in her manner. He had been invited to the annual Farmers' Union dinner at Greyhaven, a big affair at the County Hotel. "You keep a hold of yourself there, Ted."

His arms slid round her. "I'd rather keep a hold of you," he said, surprised at his own sparkle.

LAUGHING, she pressed her face against his shoulder. "That's all very well. But you be careful and moderate. And whatever you do, pay Harry Turner his deposit on your way out of the dale. Promise."

He gave his promise with faithful intent, and would have kept it, but for those little, everyday things that have the knack of getting in the way.

On Wednesday evening we milked and did up in plenty of time for him to get changed and reach Greyhaven by seven o'clock. As he was making for the house, a lorry load of mangolds I had ordered came rumbling into the yard. I told him there was no need to help unload. But he grabbed a shovel and said a few minutes would make no odds. That was like Ted, easy-going and generous. The mangolds had come out of the ground, and dumping five tons of them meant a dirty, slippery business.

That done, he noticed that one of the puppies had dull eyes and a dry muzzle. He rearranged its bed of brackens in a corner of the barn and gave it a dose of medicine. I shouted at him to get washed and dressed.

He came down at a quarter past six. It would take him all of fifty minutes to reach Greyhaven on the motor-bike, non-stop. He waved and went purring off down the dale road, the fields deep

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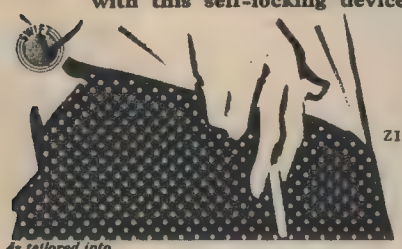

Z1

As tailored into Honorbilt "965" Sports Trousers

green under the fading evening light, and the tops of the fells outlined hard and sharp against the afterglow of a clear, dying day. To stop at Harry Turner's and pay the deposit would lose him more time. He might just as well pop along there in his dinner hour tomorrow. Ay, that would be the best. He shot on, turned into the coast road and landed up outside the County Hotel a minute or two after seven.

Walking across in front of him, towards the bar, was Jack Verney, son of the owner of the biggest stores in Greyhaven. Ted and Jack had been at the county school together, and maybe it was their dissimilarity that had drawn them together. Jack was thin, keen-minded, witty rather than humorous, always in complete control of himself and ready to snatch at any opportunity.

Ted shouted: "Hullo, Jack! How is it?"

"Hullo, Ted. Thought you'd be along. There's just time for a sneck-lifter before they start."

They went into the bar. They were greeted by other young men they knew. Somebody ordered a round of drinks and somebody else followed suit. It was warm and noisy and pally. Ted felt he was due to order a round, and paid out nearly thirty shillings. He had a sense of being entirely happy and wise.

Presently Jack nudged him. "We'll be getting upstairs."

Steered by Jack, Ted allowed himself to float into the big dining-room. Beneath the lights was a sea of cheerful faces, some familiar. The next hour was a rosy haze of eating and drinking. Now, if he could always be genial and talkative like this——

There was a thumping noise from the top table. The speeches had started and they had a lulling effect on him. He took a firm hold of himself and sat blinking and smiling. Grand chaps here, all of 'em.

At last the speeches gave way to an interval. Jack buttonholed him and guided him to the upstairs bar provided for the dinner. He was glad to plop down on a stool. His cheeriness had ebbed to the quiet, confidential stage. He told Jack about buying the tractor, and was mildly surprised to discover that he had gathered in other listeners, acquaintances.

One of them said: "Beats me how you can afford to get hooked up, Ted."

"Yes," said another. "Fairly runs away with money, it does. Reckon you'll be spending a fortune on furniture and t'other things."

Ted nodded mysteriously.

A face he knew vaguely gave him an encouraging smile.

"Quickest way to earn twenty quid is to win it. There's a dead cert for the three o'clock tomorrow. Five to one. My brother farms next door to the trainer. That's how I know."

"Gambling!" said Ted, with owlish reproof, and joined in their bellows of laughter. It was a lovely world.

"There's nothing better than a gamble if it comes off. If you don't speculate," went on that friendly voice, "you can't accumulate."

Ted heard himself saying: "What's the horse?"

"Merrycrack. Five to one. Four quid at those odds would pay your tractor deposit."

Ted did his honest best to let well alone. But his hands were moving before his brain, and he fished out four pound notes.

"Here, turn 'em into twenty. Thanks. Now then, you're all my friends. You must have a drink. I won't take 'no'."

They gave the toast of Merrycrack. They talked of sheep, prize ewes and tups, early hay and late hay, the pros and cons of silage, foxes and fairs and girls, laughing often in huge quantities. Jack's thin, intelligent face had developed the knack of vanishing and reappearing among the bright haze surrounding Ted.

The hotel had obtained an hour's extension. At half past eleven began the slow exodus. When Ted stood up, he moved with groping deliberation. Jack Verney collected his motor-cycling

"We arranged to look after them for the neighbours. Then the boss said I had to take my holiday now"

kit for him and offered a steadying arm.

"Come on, old chap."

They were standing on the pavement outside the hotel. Jack was saying: "You can't ride home on that motor-bike."

"And why not?" demanded Ted, full of dignity.

Jack grinned. "Better cool off a bit first. Come round to my place. Have a crack." He started to wheel the motor-bike, and Ted followed him.

The Verneys lived in a flat on the second floor of the stores in West Street. Walking with Jack through the empty midnight, Ted entered another phase. He was sad and tragically ashamed. He had spent a deal of money, and there would be nowhere near enough left to pay the deposit. He had let Elsie down. She would never forgive him. He imagined these were his private thoughts, and was astonished to find that Jack had heard every word.

Jack said: "Yes, you've blotted your copybook, old chap. Moaning won't help. What you need is something to cheer you up."

"I'll never smile again."

Jack dug him in the ribs. "Don't be daft! It's just one of those things."

He was steering for Gate Street, where a narrow, dark alley ran between blank walls to the yard behind the stores. It was a quicker way to the back door than using the main drive-in for lorries from Quay Street. He parked the motor bike, coaxed Ted along the alley, got him indoors and gave him a drink. Ted sighed comfortably and dropped off to sleep.

Jack nudged him. "Listen, and don't make a noise. You'd better stay the night here."

Ted opened dazed, owlish eyes. "Can't. Got to milk in the morning."

"Better stay put. You're not fit to——"

"Fit as a fiddle!" said Ted loudly.

He was getting noisy, and it was no use arguing with him. Jack said: "O.K.," and helped him on with his motor-cycling kit. "But do be careful."

"Never anything else," said Ted, brimming with benevolent confidence. "Good chap. Good night." He went out into the yard and it was curious that his feet never seemed to touch the ground. Half-way along the darkness of the alley he sat down, sprawled sideways with his head resting on a stone flag. It was more lulling than a heap of hay on a summer's afternoon. Sleep poured over him in a sweet gush.

At five o'clock, in the coolness of false dawn, he was still snugly oblivious. He heard nothing of the car that drew up quietly at the corner of Gate Street and Quay Street. He knew nothing of the two shadowy figures that entered the yard via the lorry drive-in and forced a window at the back of the stores. He might have gone on sleeping for another two or three hours, but for a tiny slip-up by one of the intruders.

A yawning policeman in the main West Street saw the gleam of a shaded torch reflected from a mirror inside the building. Wondering, he tried the shop doors, hesitated, and strolled round to Quay Street and into the yard.

He got there just as the two figures emerged, and ripped the silence with a blast on his whistle. He launched himself at them. A cosh hit him on the side of the neck. Half-stupefied, he grabbed at them and hung on. A second blow caught him on the temple. As he went down, there was the clatter of someone rushing in from Quay Street. Their exit barred that way, the two figures dashed off down the alley and tripped over the sizeable spread of Ted.

The first Ted knew about it was the painful ramming of an elbow in his face. He let out a startled grunt, grappled blearily with his senses and felt the thickness of a shoulder under his groping hand. His fingers tightened on it. Something smacked heavily across his leather crash helmet. He was well awake now and furious.

Scrambling to his feet, he was aware of two figures vanishing out of the alley, and two more racing towards him. He could make out the blue of the uniform. The other was Jack, in pyjamas and a mackintosh.

Staring at him in amazement, Jack panted: "What the devil——?"

"Here, you!" said the policeman, grabbing Ted's arm.

"No, no! He's a pal of mine," Jack's head jerked towards Gate Street. "Listen!"

A car had started up and was roaring away at speed. Jack tugged at Ted. "Come on! Your motor bike."

It struck Ted that in those next seconds he had somehow got mixed up in a quick-action film. He was sitting on his motor-bike, Jack perched at the back, and swirling through Quay Street out upon the main coast road. His temples throbbed and his tongue had a thick, dirty taste.

"Gocks! What's it all about?"

Jack shouted a brief explanation into his ear. "Had a nice sleep in the

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alley?" he added with a chuckle.

"Ay, that's as far as I got."

"Well, it was lucky. You held up that pair for long enough. Police cars will be following in a minute. And the wireless will be turning out more from Carlisle."

The prickle of the clean morning air was clearing Ted's brain. Away to the left the Solway was showing as a misty mauve, and to their right the hills were picking up primrose light. From somewhere ahead of them the high drone of a car cut through the peace of early morning.

Ted said: "I'd give something to lay my hands on those chaps." He winced. "Reckon my left eye's black. And I've got a bump the size of a hen's egg, in spite of my helmet." He scowled hopefully. "We're gaining."

Jack, shivering in his pyjamas, shouted: "Listen to me—if you're thinking of getting in front of them and trying to slow 'em down, think again. They'll just ram us to hell."

"But——"

"Just keep tailing them, wherever they go. Police cars'll be working north and south. Our only chance to get them on our own is if they stick to the coast road as far as Brigton."

"How?"

"There's that seven-mile stretch into Brigton without a turning. But we could veer off at Muswell Farm. Don't forget it's got two lanes. Follow the lanes and save a mile of road. Coast road narrows as it dips into Brigton. If we could find something to block it——"

Ted grunted. Then, as they swooped over the next hill, sheep in the fields scuttling away from the uproar, Jack gave a shout of satisfaction. "They're on the seven-mile stretch. Now's our chance!"

THEY swung off into the roughness of the Muswell Farm lane, nearly brushing the stone walls. A crackle of barking came from dogs behind the farmhouse. Jack, hanging on to Ted's shoulders, yelled above the din.

"I've got it! First house on the right into Brigton is George Lawton's, the window cleaner. Bound to be a barrow and ladder in his yard. If it's not locked——"

"Ay," said Ted, his grip tightening on the handle-bars against the wrenching of the knobbly surface. Then they emerged upon the coast road, and Brigton loomed into sight.

The road was narrowing between the wall of a tannery on one side and a terrace of houses on the other, and the gate of George Lawton's yard was open.

Ted swerved into the yard. A barrow stood there, already loaded with a ladder. Jack seized the handles and ran it out into the road. Almost before he could jump back, a black car swept around the shallow bend. Brakes screeched too late. There was a splintering crash. The car skidded, veered, came to a thudding stop against the tannery wall. Two men leaped out. Ted piled into them.

All this I gathered afterwards. I knew nothing of it when I woke up in the morning. There were no sounds from Ted's bedroom. I banged on his door and opened it. Finding the bed had never been slept in, I was worried at first. He might have had a crash with that bike of his, speeding along our narrow dale road. Just then an old man cycling up the dale road drew level with our front. It was Josh Taylor, who lived towards the coast and often helped at the next farm.

"Seen anything of Ted?" I called.

"Nay. Seen nobody."

Getting that negative news, my mood swung round. Ted had deliberately stayed the night somewhere. That's what it was. I could have murdered him, because this was market day in Greyhaven, and I had a deal of business there, and early, too.

I drove the odd twenty miles into town in no kindly mood, parked the car, and started along West Street. A friendly voice behind me said: "Good morning."

It was Elsie, come in with her father for market day.

Still fuming, I said: "Seen anything of Ted today?"

"Today? No." Her voice was sharp with surprise. "Why? What's happened?"

I told her. Her eyes glinted. She said apologetically: "Seems he must have stayed the night somewhere. He can be feckless, can Ted."

"That he can, and you'll have your hands full. Ah well, likely he's on his way by now."

I had no sooner got the words out of my mouth when I caught sight of him and Jack. They were coming out of the police station, Ted with a black eye and a bruised cheek and the unmistakable look of a young man who had had a rowdy night.

Elsie turned pink, white, and pink again. "Ted Brown! How dare you! What do you mean by it? What have you got to say for yourself?"

"It's like this——" began Ted sheepishly.

"You're a disgrace! Have you just been bailed out?"

"Now, please," said Jack Verney, with a wink at me. "Listen a minute. He's a hero.'

"What!"

"That's right." He told us about the chase and capture. "They'd pinched the best part of three hundred. Ted'll get ten per cent reward. I'm glad. He told me how sorry he was for having to borrow money from you towards that tractor." he added with a wheedling tone.

Elsie was looking from one to the other with a searching shrewdness.

"But I don't understand. You say they broke in at five this morning. What were you doing there then, Ted?"

Jack interrupted hurriedly. "I asked him to stay the night. He meant to leave early in the morning."

ELSIE swung round on Ted. "Let me get this clear. You heard the burglars and had a fight with them in the yard?"

"Something like that," he mumbled.

"That's when you got the black eye and the bump on the head?"

"Ay. But for the crash helmet——" He was stopped by a warning prod from Jack. But he had said too much already.

"Crash helmet? Are you daring to tell me that the burglars waited for you to put it on, and the rest of your things, before you ran out to tackle them? Are you?" She seized him by the lapels. "I want an answer, Ted Brown!"

Ted wriggled and considered the pavement. Jack said persuasively: "He was very tired. Maybe he didn't take much off."

Elsie glanced at him sideways, and guessed a good part of the truth. Her lips were a grim line for a moment. But only for a moment. What could you do about Ted? THE END

"How do those feel?"

SINNERS' OUTING

Continued from page 15

step if he could ride. The view he most wanted was of a double Scotch faintly bruised with water, after which he thought he would like to see Mr. Legge and the vicar thrown off the great west tower.

"No head for heights," he said gruffly. "Leave that to the junior service."

"Nor has the canon," said their guide. "The climb to the pulpit makes him giddy, but his sermons give him ample time in which to recover. He hopes to meet you at the Silver Teapot, to say a few words on behalf of the restoration fund."

The major could see the pot-bellied bays of the tea-shop bulging on to the Minster green. He could also see the signs of the Mitre, the Bell, the Friar's Rest, the Yew Tree, and the Bishop's Move, but he stifled a groan and shepherded his flock towards the crypt, pausing only to stop Sam Tyler from deserting towards the Mitre. . . .

At the racecourse the cheery driver was doing his best.

"You have your own grandstand view here at the rails," he pointed out, "so why not enjoy yourselves? And if you wish to do yourselves a bit of good, back Sailor Boy in the first race."

"What we want," said the vicar dolefully, "is food and drink."

"I'll fetch pork pies and tea, sir. How's that?"

Mr. Legge shuddered, but the vicar stood treat. The rain stopped and the sun broke through. Sailor Boy duly obliged, and the driver came back from the bookies looking happier than ever.

"Waterspout is a cert for the big race," he advised, when his party seemed to be thawing under the influence of tea, pies and sunshine. "Come on now, ladies and gents, a little flutter won't hurt anyone. I'll put it on for you with Smiling Sam—the one with the big cigar."

Miss Minter opened her purse. Several others were only waiting for a lead, but Mr. Legge was still in a temper and said drink and gambling would loom large on the nation's epitaph.

"Then get rid of the drink," the driver suggested. "I've been talking to a Green Line party and they're thirsty. They offer three quid for your six crates of beer, and invested on Waterspout it'd put you on velvet."

"I haven't been there since I was a baby," said Miss Minter.

"Preposterous!" snapped Mr. Legge.

"But if we take the beer back the others will claim it," Miss Minter argued craftily, "and they've already had our lunch. I propose we sell it, and—Vicar, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could have linen surplices instead of cotton? They launder so much better."

"It would indeed," the vicar admitted, "but—er—surely the major mentioned Gay Garters?"

"Not a chance, sir," said the driver. "You leave it to me, Smiling Sam, and Waterspout, and you'll have your surplices with frills on."

The vicar discreetly left it to the others, who voted twenty-one to one in favour. Mr. Legge stayed sullenly in the coach while the rest flocked to the rails, but when Waterspout won by a short head from Gay Garters even he emerged to watch Smiling Sam's smile wilt. . . .

At the Silver Teapot the portly Canon Plumleigh had been speaking for twenty minutes—from ten past two until closing time. The chimes of the Minster clock sounded the knell of hope, but his eloquence, coming on top of cold chicken and ham and cream trifle, raised the flagging spirits of the major's party. He likened them to pilgrims on a long journey down the straight and narrow road, and regretted that their vicar and Mr. Legge had been non-starters. They were further heartened by the news, smuggled in to Sam Tyler by a waitress, that Gay Garters had been pipped on the post.

As the canon sat down the major rose. "Thank you, sir," he said briefly. "Most of us don't know the right road from the wrong, but to give the vicar his due he doesn't often let us down. We shall tell him about this, and you have my word for it, sir, that his eyes will be opened. Sam Tyler, take my bowler, and remember, all of you, this is a silver collection for the restoration fund. You won't be needing your money now."

"The vicar is fortunate to have such a zealous warden," said the canon warmly. "I must not keep you good people from your treat. When your tour is over you are to take tea and buns with those big-hearted ladies, the Friends of the Minster."

"And now," cried the lean clergyman, "for the great west tower. Excelsior, Major, excelsior!"

Two wedges of cold pork pie were playing havoc with Mr. Legge's digestion. As the coach sped homeward he unbent to the extent of asking if they could stop at a chemist's for bismuth or bicarbonate, but the driver called through the window that the shops would be shut. Peppermint cordial was the sovereign remedy, he added, so should he pull up at the Foxglove Hotel, where the party could have tea in the rose garden, or long, cool drinks, or short snorters?

Miss Minter proposed a £5 tip for the driver from their winnings, and a round of drinks on Smiling Sam.

"It's a long time since I tasted champagne," she cooed, "and of course there is nothing else, after a win at the races——"

"Except peppermint cordial," said Mr. Legge sombrely. "Gin and peppermint, I think you said, driver? I shall never forget this day."

He was feeling much better when they climbed into the coach half an hour later. Miss Minter was giggling, and a glass of champagne had made the tip of the vicar's nose pink.

"All's well that ends well," he propitiated. "I hope I'm forgiven."

No one quite knew who started singing "For he's a jolly good fellow"—it may have been Miss Minter—but most of the choir were present and one song led to another. As the two coaches converged at the cross roads near Mallow the major could hardly believe his eyes or his ears.

"They're singing 'John Brown's Body,' with Mr. Legge conducting," he said testily. "I must say it's just as well for the good name of the village that our crowd went to the Minster. Saved us a spot of money, too. Gay Garters must have been pulled."

Later, however, he forgave the vicar and said they all made mistakes. The vicar let it go at that, although it had been no mistake. He hadn't wanted to meet Canon Plumleigh, and he had wanted to see the races. Besides, he knew what was good for his flock. . . . THE END

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ICI

SEA-WYF AND BISCUIT

Continued from page 19

utterly delightful was the soft, clean feel of the sea. . . .

"Biscuit!"

"Goodbye," he muttered.

"Sharks!"

He stopped swimming.

"Sharks!" They were all shouting.

His entrails violently contracted and then seemed to turn to water. He splashed round. For an agonizing moment he could not see the float. Then it was heaved up by the swell and he saw it—unbelievably small in the middle of an ocean unbelievably large and hostile. He struck out towards it, using every ounce of his strength.

As he approached the float he saw that they were not looking at him but over his head. He had no strength left but something else drove his limbs. Hands took him by the shoulders and pulled him on board.

"Three, four, five of them," Bulldog was saying.

"Six," said Number Four. "Here they come."

The sharks had been cruising round the float, only their fins showing. Now one had turned inwards from its circular course and was coming towards them. Bulldog and Number Four knelt on the side tubes, each grasping a paddle like a club and holding on to the life-line with his other hand. Biscuit was too exhausted to do anything. Sea-Wyf knelt on the floor boards very still.

The shark went by like a torpedo, a few yards away. Another turned and went deep under the float. A third passed close by, just below the surface, moving very slowly. They could see it clearly—the blunt snout, the pale expressionless eyes, the long lithe body and the powerful tail, which gently undulated. It was inexpressibly sinister. The crowd of fish which had gathered under the float came boiling to the surface in a panic.

"We shouldn't have killed that sea-bird," Number Four said in a broken voice.

"Nonsense!" Bulldog was thinking of the small scraps which had been thrown overboard and which could scarcely have attracted sharks.

"It's bad luck to kill sea-birds," said Number Four.

Another shark nosed past. They were all close to the float now.

"Bad luck! It was you that killed them," Bulldog said.

Number Four dropped his paddle. His face was grey, his eyes miserable. "I killed 'em. Bad luck to kill sea-birds," he kept muttering.

SEA-WYF, still on her knees, picked up the paddle and handed it to Biscuit. He took it but he did not feel he had the strength to use it. The superstition was absurd but, voiced just then, the fear of consequence so evident, it had a numbing effect.

Next moment the attack was launched. The sharks came racing in from every side and scores of little fish rose straight into the air in front of them. The water seethed. As the sharks charged they rolled over, showing their cream-white bellies, their inverted U-shaped mouths.

They struck the float as they went by, making it jump and spin, their skins scraping the rubber with a rasp like sandpaper. They turned with a great sweep of their tails and came back. They went deep and came up so fast that they broke surface. Snouts, tails, fins, jumping fish, seething water, the float bouncing and tilting—there was no question of those on board defending themselves. They clung to the life-lines as they were thrown from side to side.

As suddenly as the attack had started it was over. The sharks remained for a little longer near the float, cruising to and fro, deep down and indistinct, but soon they disappeared altogether.

"They were not attacking us. They were fishing," Bulldog said.

There was a good deal of water in the bottom of the float. They baled and mopped it out as quickly as they could, then knelt anxiously, watching the dry bottom. It remained dry.

"Brave little float," Biscuit murmured. Then, because he was ashamed of himself for his past weakness, he made an attempt at lightness. "Evidently the second sea-bird cancelled out the first."

He glanced at Sea-Wyf, who was the only one who ever smiled at his jokes. She was silently weeping.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Sea-Wyf controlled herself. "I have lost the water container," she said.

They stared at her incredulously.

"The demijohn was tied," she went on. "The hard tack is in the pocket with the pump. I was holding the container, but it went overboard. The biscuit tin also."

If anybody else had said that, there would have been furious denunciations. But as it was, she touched something gentle which was still in their hearts. Bulldog gathered up the bodies of a dozen little fish which had jumped on board and, awkwardly, handed them to her. Biscuit said that the loss did not matter. And it really did not seem to him to matter. They would die a little sooner, that was all.

"Will one of you take charge of the stores?" Sea-Wyf asked.

"No!" Biscuit and Bulldog answered together. The suggestion alarmed them.

BULLDOG had behaved better than any of them during the shark attack, but it took the most out of him. That night he was too tired to sleep. He sat worrying over their position. When at last he fell asleep it was to drop into so deep a slumber that even the rising sun did not disturb it.

The others sat and looked at him. They were all permanently tired by this time and any excuse was good enough to postpone the morning chores.

Bulldog was not a pretty sight. The skin of his face—what was visible between the whiskers—was patched with black and red. His cheeks were sunken. His tightly closed mouth looked more than ever severe.

Biscuit looked at the others. Number Four's body was as lean as it could be. But the muscles were still there, and there were no ugly spots upon his dark skin. The negroid characteristics of his face were accentuated, and the European had faded.

Sea-Wyf was the same as ever, thank God—or so it seemed to Biscuit. Her face showed suffering, but nothing could alter for long the serenity of her expression. And as much as possible she kept her body covered.

Bulldog stirred. His face twitched. He rubbed his closed eyelids with a hand, then opened them, and blinked.

"I have been such a long way," he murmured. "Miles and miles over the moor. I shot as much as I can carry . . . . But I can't find the house."

For a few seconds longer he lay wearily blinking at the hard blue sky. Then his expression changed. He sat up quickly. He glanced about him, at the sea, heaving and limitless; and for a moment there was something like terror in his face.

Sea-Wyf cleaned his eyes with a rag from her shift moistened with fresh water. He grumbled, saying it was a waste, but gave in to her. The other two watched silently.

That morning was calm, and they were all more silent and more thoughtful than usual. But in the afternoon the wind blew up and the float began once more to trundle along under its little red sail. They heard the water bubbling under it and frothing astern, and their spirits rose again.

There was more rain. The first fell four or five days after the electric storm. It came in the night. They woke to find their faces wet and water in their mouths—so their dreams merged into reality. The rain was nothing like as abundant as in the electric storm but it came down heavily for half an hour.

When the rain had stopped falling they went on their knees and sucked up the water from between the floorboards. In the darkness they bumped

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And it's wise to give him cornflakes before you settle him down for the night. They'll give him energy for the growing he does while he's asleep.

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Here is what we suggest you should give baby for breakfast:

8 ozs. milk (to drink and with his cereal)
Bowlful of Corn Flakes with milk and sugar
Egg (scrambled, boiled or poached) **OR**
Portion of steamed herring (free from bone) **OR**
Slice of grilled bacon finely cut
Toast with butter and honey

Baby's serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar contains about:

FATS - - - -	12	Calories
PROTEIN - - -	21	,,
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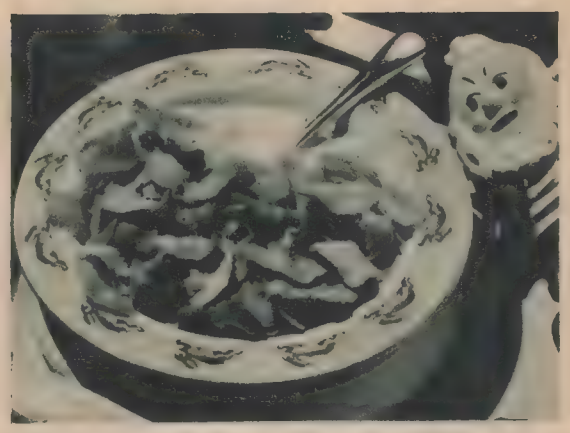
Total	154	,,



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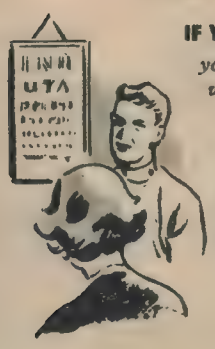

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"You'll find the wicket's playing a bit lively"

into each other. They became excitedly angry, cursed and shouted. The water was brackish because although the floor had been dry it was crusted with salt. But brackish water was better than sea water, or nothing at all.

Twice during the following week they got rain, on both occasions in daylight. These showers were light and short, but provided enough water for them to form saliva and make it possible to eat. The three men, particularly Number Four, now preserved a brooding silence.

Number Four had withdrawn into himself. His eyes, with those startling whites, were continually watching one or the other of his companions.

One calm morning they went overboard for a bathe. They did not swim any distance now, but put their heads back and floated, letting the water fondle their stiff, sore limbs. Number Four went in, and was out again first, Sea-Wyf last. Biscuit and Bulldog lingered in the water beside her for a while, making the most of the cool comfort.

To anybody else the two ends and sides of the float would have appeared identical. But to those who had used it for so long their own places were individual and particular. They had each a strong proprietary sense about them. Therefore when Sea-Wyf climbed out of the sea and found Number Four in the bow she was shocked and startled.

"You are in my place," she said, kneeling in the middle.

He shook his head, his deep white-ringed eyes hypnotically fixed upon her face.

"But you are!" She tried to laugh.

Again he shook his head.

The other two men were astride the side tubes. Their instincts told them that this was serious trouble.

"Please let me have my place."

Sea-Wyf, her hair tousled like a boy's, her face with shining pearls of water on it, her black eyes glowing, was still an attractive, an appealing figure. But Number Four only slightly shook his head, his expression set as a statue's.

"Come on, you know your place is in the stern," Bulldog said to him sharply.

Damn fool, Biscuit thought. He had known that Sea-Wyf did not want them to interfere in this because it would only make it harder for her. But Bulldog had not known. He had not known that they were dealing with a man who was on a tightrope above the gulf of madness.

Bulldog now realized his mistake, for Number Four took no notice of him at all. Bulldog wondered what to do. He could not forcibly remove the man. Apart from the near certainty of capsizing the float, he had not half the mulatto's strength.

There was a puff of wind. Automatically Biscuit gathered in the sheet cords so that the red triangle filled. But the float would not sail properly with a more than double weight in the bow.

Bulldog was still glowering at Number Four. Number Four was still holding Sea-Wyf with his eyes. "I take charge of rations now," the mulatto said, patting the demijohn and the pocket which contained the hard tack.

"You all agreed that I should look after them," Sea-Wyf said quietly.

He grinned, his lips parting, showing his white teeth. "But you lost some," he said. "You are only a woman. It is mine. I take it now. I take charge."

"Please!" Sea-Wyf said.

She was using her only weapons, her soft voice and her eyes. But they had no effect. Number Four looked away from her and settled himself more comfortably, spreading his arms to guard the rations. The other two men, watching silently, could do nothing and they knew it.

Sea-Wyf continued to kneel in front of the dusky god who now held all their lives in his hands. He glanced up at her slyly. Then he unscrewed the stopper of the demijohn and took a drink, quite slowly but watching the others while he did so. Then he settled down again, smiling, passing his tongue over his lips. The other two men were tense upon the side tubes, but they felt more hopeless than determined, almost resigned.

SEA-WYF still knelt in front of Number Four. The others could not see her face. "Tell me, how was it that you lost your leg?" she asked.

Her voice was soft and interested. Number Four started and looked at her suspiciously. "Why do you want to know?" he demanded.

"I always wanted to know. I have been afraid to ask. But now I think you will tell me."

His eyes were trying to bore into her face. At last the suspicion faded. "I tell you," he said. "'Nother little drink and I tell you. You want water?"

She shook her head. "I only want to hear about your poor leg."

Number Four drank long and slowly, then replaced the stopper.

"I was a little kid," he said, "six years old. I was playing with the other kids in the road. They all liked me then. Along came a big automobile—shining like a star. Other kids ran. I just stared. It went right over me."

"How terrible! Couldn't the car stop?" Sea-Wyf asked.

"Sure it stopped—a bit farther on. There was a fat man with a white face and spectacles looking down at me. He had a cigar in his hand. I smell that cigar. He came and saw me in the hospital—patted my head and gave me ten dollars. That's all I got out of white men. Ten dollars."

"Couldn't they give you an artificial leg?" Sea-Wyf asked.

"No. No, they couldn't do that," Number Four was becoming excited. "It wasn't just the leg. Hip went too. I was in the hospital long time. Operations. That's where I started to get my learning, in the hospital. There was a woman bit like you, came and taught me——"

"I am very glad somebody was kind to you," Sea-Wyf said.

"Kind? Wait till I got out of the hospital. Wait till I grew up. Nobody

was good to me—white or coloured. And I was a cripple. But the rest of me got strong, look——"

He held up his arms as a boxer does in acclamation and the muscles writhed about the bones.

"Sailors was the nearest kind," he went on. "Sailors know that cripples are the poor of God. It's only because they know it's bad luck not to, but they'll never harm a cripple. That's why I turned sailor——"

"I want to be kind to you," Sea-Wyf said.

There was a pause. While he had been telling her his story Number Four had been pathetic. But now a look of extraordinary cunning came over his face.

"Real kind?" he asked.

"I will do everything I can for you," the girl said earnestly. She had dropped her eyes at last and seemed to speak more to herself than to him. "If God grants us a future, I will do more."

"You swear it?"

"I will do what I have said if you will do something for me."

"What's that?"

"Go back to your own place and let me have mine. Let me take charge of the rations again."

Number Four leaned forward, closely examining her downcast face. "I do that and you'll be real kind to me?" he said.

The girl nodded.

The cunning expression of the mulatto's face changed to one of gloating satisfaction.

"It's a deal," he said, and grasped Sea-Wyf's limp hand. Pulling himself along with his arms, he moved to the stern.

The float, properly trimmed again, began immediately to sail true and fast. But as Number Four continued to watch Sea-Wyf the look of exultant satisfaction was still upon the dusky, big-lipped face. And until it was wiped away there could be no peace in that tiny crowded world.

The wind grew steadily stronger. Clouds were forming, and in the east there was no clear horizon but a hazy line which stirred and spread. The waves were becoming more powerful. A score of flying fish rose like a covey of partridges and biplaned a hundred yards or so into the wind while a school of beautiful blue dorado jumped for them looking like heraldic dolphins sprung into lively life.

The float tilted on its nose, then its tail. It veered and lurched so that those on board had to hold on for their lives.

The sense of common danger grew until it was at least something of a bond. When Sea-Wyf was thrown across the floor boards, Number Four took down the mast and stretched the sail and stay cords across and across the float, from one life-line to the other, boot-lace fashion—and the others helped him. But they still hated him while they helped, for he was in an exultant state, like drunkenness, beyond fear. While he worked, he shouted a song into the wind.

WHEN the cords were arranged, they were under a sort of net which yet permitted a certain amount of movement. Movement was necessary because they had to bail. They did not know what would happen if the float became completely full. Biscuit shouted—it was impossible to be heard except by shouting—that they ought to blow up the tubes to the limit. This they did with great difficulty and some danger for it involved leaning over the side.

Sea-Wyf gave them all a drink and some hard tack. Quite a lot of water was lost for it was impossible to handle the heavy demijohn safely. It rapped them painfully on the lips and teeth. There was no thought of an exact ration. They were living for the moment.

This refreshment, and the safety preparations which had gone before it, occupied a long time. Before they realized it, night was coming on.

The night was a long agony. They were made giddy and dazed by the continual irregular movement. Several times there were rain squalls, but the castaways did not drink much. It was too painful to face the wind. And the rain was bitterly cold. They preferred to snuggle down in the sea water which swilled about inside the float, and which was lukewarm by comparison.

They had ceased to bail. The float spilled out a good deal of water of its own accord when it tripped over a crest. At other times it was filled by a single shower of spray. Then for a while it felt as if they were in the ocean itself. But the sail and the laced lines kept them on board.

Without any of the usual preliminaries of dawn the sun was up, glaring from the wind-polished sky. The float was at the bottom of a valley. In front was a steep hill of water which stretched quite straight as far as they could see to either side. Behind was another, steeper hill with spray blowing off the top of it as snow blows off an alpine ridge.

THE float could not escape this following hill. It seemed to be drawn backwards to it. Above the stern hung thousands of tons of seething water on the point of rushing down in a green avalanche. But the float, tilted at a sharp angle, continued to be pulled backwards up the slope. It reached the crest. There the full force of the wind struck it, spun it, rocked it, and for a moment there was a view of an infinity of parallel lines—similar white-capped ridges of water with deep, wide valleys in between; and then the float slid down the reverse slope of the hill.

That experience was repeated every two or three minutes throughout the day, with unpleasant variations when a squall blew up. They saw these squalls coming when they were on a crest, dark hazy lines which came out of the horizon and raced the waves, rapidly coming closer until suddenly they struck. Then the surface was all whirlpools and the air was so full of spray that it was almost impossible to breathe.

In one squall the float was tilted at so steep an angle that the demijohn went overboard.

The second night descended. The wind howled, the waves hissed and stung and crashed on board. Through the film of spray the stars were shining. The storm must have reached its peak in a furious squall which struck them about midnight, but the exhausted, battered crew were beyond realizing this.

When the sun at last rose again the waves were still huge but they had lost their purpose. They only travelled with what was left of their momentum. And as the morning wore on and the sun climbed higher, unobscured by spray, the castaways realized that the storm was over. Curled up in the water under the lacing cords, they slept.

They woke in the evening. They rubbed their faces which were caked with salt and opened their eyes with their fingers. They stretched their stiff limbs and blinked at each other. Automatically, with slow, painful movements, they began to bail. Sea-Wyf took out the bag of hard tack.

Afterwards they slept again, and when dawn came once more, with tropical suddenness, they were slow to rouse themselves. They lay with their legs intertwined and the upper halves of their bodies draped one way or another over the side tubes. The movements of the float, slightly rocking and very slowly turning, were soothing as a hammock. The balmy morning breeze added to this effect.

The sea, which mildly rose and fell without a break upon its surface, was unrecognizable as the terrible thing on which they had existed for two days. They had the feeling that by some magic they had been transported a thousand miles to a place where there was peace, and all they wanted was to go to sleep again.

As the float slowly gyrated, Sea-Wyf's neck twisted in the opposite direction. She pulled her feet under her and got up on her knees. For some

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ONLY A WEEK AGO Jenny and David had read their teacups together, seeing, in the scattered leaves, all their plans, wishes and dreams of a future together.

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time she remained thus, gazing over the water. Then she raised her eyes to the sky where great cumulus clouds were floating, and Biscuit saw upon her face an expression which did not belong to this world. As far as he felt anything, he felt sad. The girl's lips moved but made no sound. He knew what that meant.

After a little while she said, very quietly: "I see trees."

"Where?" Biscuit asked.

"Rising from the sea."

The extraordinary light was still in her eyes. Poor Sea-Wyf, he thought. But he heaved himself up and, sure enough, there were palm trees.

They appeared to be growing out of the ocean. He shook the other two men, and pointed. Their mental reactions were as slow as their stiff, awkward movements. Yes, there were trees, and they were down wind. But the smiles came only gradually and doubtfully. The men began with scarcely a hint of excitement to unlace the safety net of stay cords.

But the excitement was there and it grew as they worked until it took possession of them. Their hands were trembling, they were shouting and cackling with laughter and tumbling in each other's way as they hoisted sail. Tears streamed down their faces. Their quarrels and differences were quite forgotten. The only thing they thought about was land.

The float began to move. They still had the paddles. They had been stowed between the tight bulge of the side tubes and the floor boards. Using one of these as a rudder they steered towards the palm trees.

From the crests of the swell they made out the sand and scrub from which the trees sprouted. In front they saw a curved line of brilliant whiteness. They also thought they made out the masts of a ship. Yes, they were sure of it. So there must be people on the island. They discussed what sort of people they might be. Creoles, they decided, not quite knowing what Creoles were. It did not matter. If there were people, there was food and water.

But as they advanced they realized that they were not going straight towards the island. Although the float's bow was pointing towards the trees, it was drifting obliquely and would pass a mile or two to port. So they lowered the sail and, using both paddles, tried to drive the float across the wind. This needed a tremendous effort which would have been impossible without the inspiration which they felt.

At last, about noon, they calculated that they were directly upwind of the island and hoisted the sail again.

They were only a few miles away from it. But with both sail and paddles they could scarcely manage to come closer.

"The tide is against us," Number Four said.

But they went on paddling as much as they could. As they came closer they began to hear a low, rhythmical, roaring sound. The white crescent which guarded the island was explained. The tired swell still had the strength to break with fury on a coral reef.

A mile off shore they lowered the sail again and began to paddle round the island looking for an opening in the reef. They soon found one, at the north-eastern corner. There was a calm gap about ten yards wide in the tumbling surf. They hung on with their paddles on the tide, waiting for it to change. While they remained stationary, looking over the side, they saw two sharks, slowly circling the float a couple of fathoms below the surface.

They also saw the island in greater detail. No human beings were to be seen, but any settlement would be on the leeward side. Childhood stories of desert islands came into their minds.

The sun was low above the palm trees when the tide turned. The float, guided by the paddles, began to be sucked towards the reef. The sharks followed it closely, their pale eyes looking upwards with a patient sort of interest. The thunder of surf grew louder and louder. The coral was hidden under the frothing water, and they knew that if the float even touched it the rubber would be torn to pieces.

Tired arms tried to guide the craft towards the centre of the narrow entrance. It spun out of control. Then on a great heave of the swell which roared deafeningly on either side it was carried through. The sharks were left behind. The float was in calm, green water. The paddles touched the sandy bottom.

Biscuit and Bulldog clambered out and tried to walk up the beach, but they felt the island tilting drunkenly, rising and falling like a stormy sea. They collapsed, dizzy, on the sand. Sea-Wyf and Number Four joined them.

They lay close together in that seemingly enormous space. They dug their toes and fingers into the sand, trying to embrace the earth. They wept, and sank into a kind of sleep.

They were roused by a rustling, whispering sound, and by the consciousness that they were being watched. All around them in the twilight hundreds of eyes were glowing. There was the scarcely audible patter of feet. Sharp, inquisitive noses touched their prostrate bodies. The island was inhabited by rats.

The island was the shape of a mutton chop. It was about half a mile across at its widest point and two miles long, the termination being a mere sand-spit. It was surrounded by a coral reef which was broken in four places, giving access to a moat-like lagoon where the water was calm and green and shallow.

The rim of the island itself was a beach of glistening white sand. Inland from this was a zone of bushes, something like laurels in appearance, and a grove of coconut palms, tall, stately trees for ever swaying in the wind, metallically rustling their long sword-like fronds. Behind these, on the very gradually rising ground, was a zone of feathery trees.

Such was their island, but it was some time before the castaways knew it as well as this. At first they slept upon the float, the only place where they felt safe, and when they went ashore they crawled, because they lacked the strength to walk more than a few yards at a time.

Biscuit and Bulldog made the first reconnaissance. They looked for water and found none. Crawling, they felt horribly near the rats. There were rats everywhere—heads down, staring with bead-like eyes—rising on their haunches for a better view, sharp, whiskered noses trying to get the scent—scampering forwards with sudden rushes to investigate and stopping just out of reach of the weak, clumsily directed blows.

In the palm grove the exhausted men found coconuts which had been eaten out and left as dry as skulls. Then, while they rested back to back, they heard one fall. They scrambled up and fell upon it, driving off the rats.

It was a lovely thing in its smooth, green husk, and when they picked it up they could hear the liquid inside it. But they could not get it open.

At last they rolled it back to the float. There Number Four, who had slept all day, cracked it without much difficulty between two lumps of coral rock, disclosing the white lusciousness within. That night it rained heavily. They were able to supplement their meal with hard tack and then moved to an islet in the lagoon where they were untroubled by rats.

On coconuts they became strong enough to walk. Biscuit and Bulldog collected a dozen more during the first few days, for the wind blew up into another gale. To suck down their throats the cool, vaguely sweet liquid was a consummation of the delights which had so often tantalized them in thirsty dreams. They learned to keep a piece of the white flesh in their mouths, slowly masticating it like chewing gum, gradually extracting the oily nourishment.

Within a week Biscuit, Bulldog and

Guess What?

by GLYN DANIEL

THIS ebony and silver object is four and a half inches long. One knob is slightly larger than the other. Is it . . .

(a) A drumstick?
(b) A tipstaff's stave?
(c) A glove mender?
(d) A swizzle stick?

Glyn Daniel tells you more on page 39

Sea-Wyf were getting about fairly well. Number Four remained on the islet, sleeping most of the time, eating the nuts they brought him and shellfish which he grubbed at low tide, supplemented by a few rats which he killed. To a certain extent the other men resented this complete idleness, but on the whole they were glad that he kept out of the way. He seemed perfectly content so long as Sea-Wyf talked to him now and then and was kind and sympathetic.

So the others explored the island without him. The masts which they had seen belonged to an ancient wooden barque which had been driven right across the reef into the lagoon and was there coming to pieces and sinking into the sand.

There were other signs of human habitation. On the leeward side of the island was a corrugated iron shed. Outside it were some wooden frames which presumably had been used for drying coconut flesh to form copra. And close by, screwed to a tall and solitary palm, was an iron box which must once have been painted red.

"Pity they mutilated that," Biscuit said. "It would have been useful for water. We shall need all we can get."

They were still living very much from hand to mouth, but they were cheerful. They had that gratifying sensation of convalescents who find a noticeable improvement in their strength each day. They moved their quarters to the corrugated iron shack—all except Number Four, who seemed to prefer his idle, dreamy solitude. The shack was divided into two rooms, and a lean-to at the back. Though ramshackle, it was comfortingly house-like. And it was rat-proof.

The rats were not as numerous as they had at first appeared, and they had begun to show a decent respect for humans as soon as these began to walk upright and to carry sticks.

One day Biscuit came upon a group of rats busy with what appeared to be a ping-pong ball, but when he had scattered them nothing remained except a few small pieces of rubbery shell. Evidently there was another source of food besides coconuts and the creatures which squirmed at low tide. But what? The piece of shell was not part of a bird's egg.

The men and the woman kept to their beds at night. These were only roughly made things of branches, leaves and dried grass, but after the float they seemed luxurious, and besides, weak and tired as the castaways still were, they found that they needed the twelve hours of darkness for rest. But on one occasion Biscuit awoke early and, enticed by the cool half-light, took a walk.

At a spot not far above the high water line he saw a strange commotion. A large number of little creatures seemed to be emerging from the sand and making for the sea in a straggling line. They did not get far unmolested. The whole predatory life of the island swung into action.

Gannets swooped upon the column and made off with victims in their beaks. From high above, the hovering frigate birds dived upon the gannets, making them disgorge their prey and catching it as it fell. On the ground, rats appeared from everywhere, and charged. But still the little creatures struggled on, those which remained, like brave but untrained soldiers making a dash for it from their dug-outs against hopeless odds.

By now Biscuit was on the scene. The attackers were too busy to take notice of him, but he picked up one of the attacked. It was like a black button, less than two inches in diameter, but soft as velvet. Flipper-like limbs extended from the button and tried convulsively, even in his hand, to go on waddling. A reptilian head at the end of an elongated neck craned from side to side, and almond-shaped, myopic eyes stared with desperate anxiety.

He carried it to the sea and put it in. Then he sat down and longed for a cigarette. He was exhausted by the effort of running. When he got to his feet again and looked round, the scene of the carnage had been tidied up as if by magic. The green island in the morning light was beautiful and kindly as paradise.

He went to the place from which the baby turtles had appeared and, scraping in the sand, found pieces of egg shell like bits of ping-pong balls. He and the others had seen adult turtles swimming outside the reef. Vaguely they had connected them with groove-shaped tracks which ran up to the beach, but, lacking both a knife and fire for cooking, and still feeling too weak for any violent exertion, they had scarcely wondered when the armoured reptiles came ashore. Now the tracks seemed to have a significant and useful meaning.

BISCUIT, Bulldog and Sea-Wyf made a night excursion. This resulted in a wonderful discovery. During the dark hours the female turtles came ashore. They waddled up the sand, and each female dug hole after hole until finally she was satisfied with one. Then, at the bottom of the hole, she laid a clutch of about two hundred eggs. That done, she filled the hole and waddled complacently back to the sea.

Sea-Wyf would not hear of a turtle being killed, but she joined in the collection of eggs. These proved both good and nourishing, not much different in taste from the yolk of hens' eggs.

Growing rapidly stronger, Biscuit, Bulldog and Sea-Wyf began to walk about their island for pleasure. They became fond of their little, solitary world. There were shady avenues among the palms and the casuarina trees which fringed the grove. But the greatest beauty lay in the green pools by the shore and among the many-tinted corals. There, brilliantly coloured fishes swam, anemones waved orange or scarlet tentacles, shellfish gleamed like pearls. Bathing there was like swimming in a pool set with precious stones.

Bright days of sun and wind with the tang of surf in the air, cool moonlit or starlit evenings, nights of sleep and glorious dawns followed each other in procession. The only variation was when it rained, and that was welcome, too, for then the float which had been placed under the eaves of the shack so that it caught the drip was half filled with water. They were no longer thirsty all the time and could think of other things.

They began to wonder about each other. Bulldog was not communicative. Biscuit had guessed he was connected with the law, and an important member of his profession. But he asked no questions. Apart from their tacit bond not to do so, he was more interested in Bulldog's present usefulness than in his past.

He was intensely curious about Sea-Wyf's history. Both men were. From

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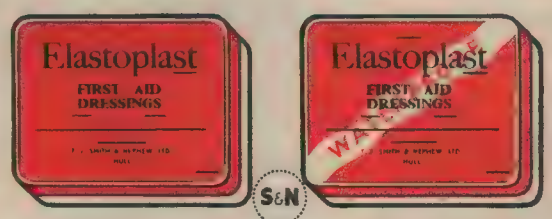

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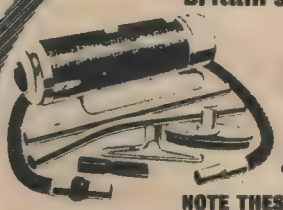

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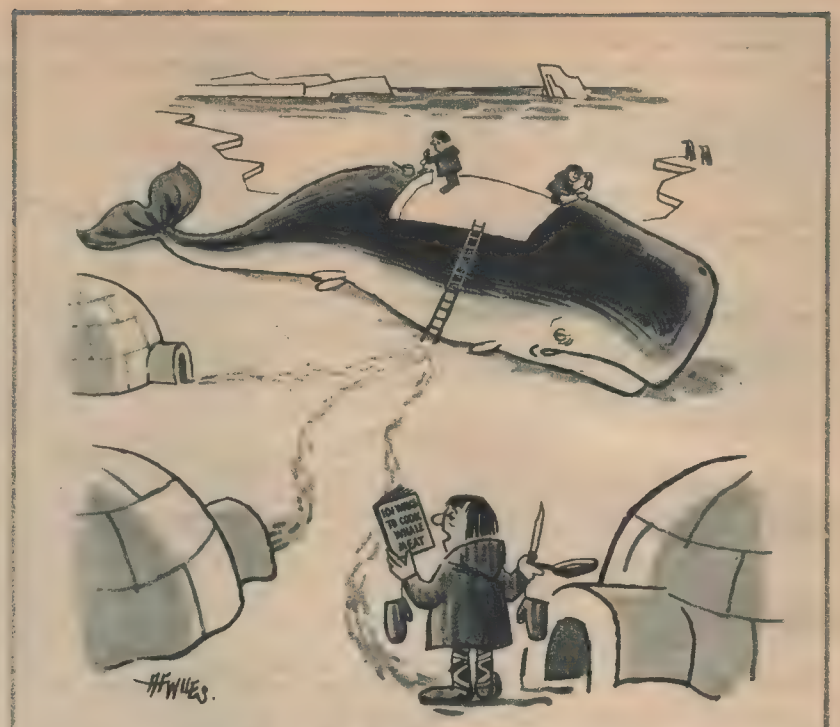


"Ah, well. Back to Number One again . . ."

her voice and manners she seemed to have the background of a good family. She was evidently well-educated. She could walk gracefully and she could swim. She was clever with her hands, weaving mats and baskets. She had an intense appreciation of the beauties of nature. She seemed to love solitude, but her companions, too. She was soft-hearted, yet possessed enough strength of character to make her wishes commands.

They knew her qualities well enough, but nothing of her life. She never spoke about herself at all. It was as if she had no past and no future. But she was a most sympathetic listener to other people's stories.

BISCUIT told her about himself. He spoke in a manner he had developed in his school days, boasting of failures. After being sent down from Oxford, he had taken up a good commercial appointment which his father had obtained for him with a Hongkong firm. When he lost that, he had developed his theory of success without tears.

This consisted of moving down a stratum or two in society to a level where his education and breeding gave him advantage. Thus he had become a steward in a luxury liner, an attendant on a long-distance train, "raking in the tips." When war broke out he was back in the Far East, a barman at the smartest hotel in Singapore.

By nationality he was Irish. He had considered volunteering for the Services in spite of that but, having observed senior officers from the business side of a bar, he had decided that it was all a waste of time. The swiftness of the Japanese advance on Singapore had proved that he was right.

Always in the past he had scored a great success with this sort of talk. But with Sea-Wyf, although she was sympathetic and understanding, he found himself feeling ashamed that he had no genuine achievements to tell her about. For the first time, when there was no scope for ambition, he sincerely wanted to do something worth while.

In the circumstances the best thing he could think of doing was to climb a palm tree. Bulldog made no attempt at this. He said that he could more easily prove by argument that coconuts grew underground than shin up a tree. Yet both men felt it desirable that they should collect the fruit, for they expected the harvest to end, just as the turtles' laying season must soon end.

To master the climbing knack cost Biscuit more determined effort than he had ever before expended in his life. It also cost him most of the skin off the inside of his legs. And when at last he was among the branches and the long, waving fronds his sense of achievement was at first drowned in nausea. He was seventy feet above the earth and the slim tree was swaying to and fro.

But gradually his vision cleared, and he saw Sea-Wyf, a tiny figure far below, clapping her hands. Bulldog beside her, Biscuit thought, looked more than a little crestfallen.

After that the collection of fruit went rapidly. Sea-Wyf found the leaves useful, too, plaiting them to make a dozen different household utensils, hats and garments. Biscuit was the hero of the hour.

But his real triumph came a few days later. It was a particularly clear day, and from the top of a tree he saw, far away on the horizon, a group of other palms projecting from the water.

So they were not alone in space. Biscuit's Island, as they called it, must surely be inhabited, or another visible from it must be inhabited. The chances of eventually being found appeared secure. Yet only as a very last resort did they consider putting to sea again in the float. The memory of their voyage was too vivid. They had nightmares about it still.

So the days passed. Number Four remained on his islet, and every morning Sea-Wyf visited him there. Although the other two men resented this faithful attention to the drone of the party, they accepted it as they had come to accept all that she did.

They did not try to understand Number Four. He was either sick or shamming, which came to much the same thing. It was a remarkably harmless form for incipient madness to take. That a white woman should wait upon him and sit chatting with him by the hour was all that he seemed to require of life.

"It takes all sorts to make a desert island," Biscuit said.

Their tolerance no doubt largely derived from the fact that they no longer feared the big mulatto. They had seen him making a few tentative expeditions ashore. Sticks were no help to him. He could find none of a shape which he could satisfactorily grip. Besides, they sank deeply into the soft sand. He had to hop, resting on his knee every twenty yards. And when he tripped and fell the rats appeared from hiding.

Bulldog, who was fitter than he had been for years, and Biscuit, who could climb palm trees, could afford to be magnanimous.

One morning when Sea-Wyf appeared tired and strained, the two

men persuaded her to spend the day in her bunk.

"You've got a touch of the sun, I expect," Bulldog said.

She finally agreed to rest on condition that they carried provisions and her excuses to Number Four.

They said they would, and meant to. But when they reached the palm grove they left the basket hanging on a tree out of reach of the rats and forgot about it in the athletic excitement of collecting nuts. Towards noon they had their own refreshment, then took the long siesta which had become their habit. It was pleasant under the shade of the palms and there was a breeze. They slept.

They were wakened by Sea-Wyf.

"You shouldn't have come looking for us. You don't look at all well," Bulldog said.

"We were just going to take that basket to Number Four," Biscuit added.

She stood in front of them, her closed fingers clasping her thumbs. She looked frightened and she was out of breath.

"We must go from here," she said.

"Where—to the shack?"

"To Biscuit's Island."

"Why do you say that? We have plenty of food."

"We can take the food with us," she said. "We must leave this island."

"But we have discussed and settled that," Bulldog answered. "You know how difficult the float is to paddle, or to control under sail. Why should we risk our lives? Someone is bound to come here sooner or later."

SEA-WYF stared at him. "So you will not go," she said. She sounded very much disturbed. She turned to Biscuit. "And you?"

"I can't see much point in going, I must admit," he answered. "Please tell us what is the matter."

She stood looking at him with dark, troubled eyes. Then she turned away and said almost to herself, "If you will not go with me I must go alone."

When they returned to the shack they found that Number Four was there. They had guessed as much. But neither then nor at any other time did Sea-Wyf make reference to the incident, whatever it might have been, which had driven her up to the palm grove in such an unusual state of perturbation.

She soon became as calm and self-contained as ever. She saw the argument that if she took the float she would leave her companions stranded, and agreed to stay until they built another craft.

That did not mean that there was not trouble between the men, all the more bitter perhaps because the actual cause was unknown. Sea-Wyf for once did not try to intervene. She merely extracted a promise that there would be no violence and then shut herself in the inner room.

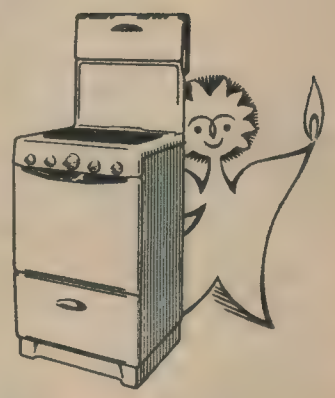
Directly she had gone, Bulldog began to lash Number Four with his tongue. Biscuit sat and listened with much the same sensations as if he had been watching a flogging, while the mulatto was told that he was the lowest form of life which crawled upon this earth, and that he had only been kept alive by charity of which he could expect no more unless he learned and kept his place. He would have to go and live in the outhouse like the dog that he was.

Number Four listened to all this in silence. He had not spoken at all since the return to the shack. At the end of the tirade he rose and hopped to the door. But just before closing it behind him he cast upon his persecutors, and

Guess What?

THE object on page 37 is a Victorian glove mender—the forerunner of today's "mushroom" darner. The larger end was used for the thumb, the other end for the fingers.

. . . even a therm will turn? You've probably heard it before, but it's true and not a shaggy dog story either. Just think—there's lots of cooking to be done every day, so why not make it as easy as possible with Mr. Therm? Why stay in a rut when there's a smart new gas cooker waiting for you—a cooker to roast the joint to a turn or bake a cake to perfection while automatically adjusting the oven heat—a cooker with more room on top for boiling and simmering and a grill that is speedier and more economical? Let's stop the old trial and error cooking and get up to date—not only with our jokes, but, of course, with a new gas cooker."



Models are available in various colours and in sizes to suit every need and purse. You can buy one for a few shillings a week and there is no purchase tax on gas cookers. Why not call at your gas showrooms today?

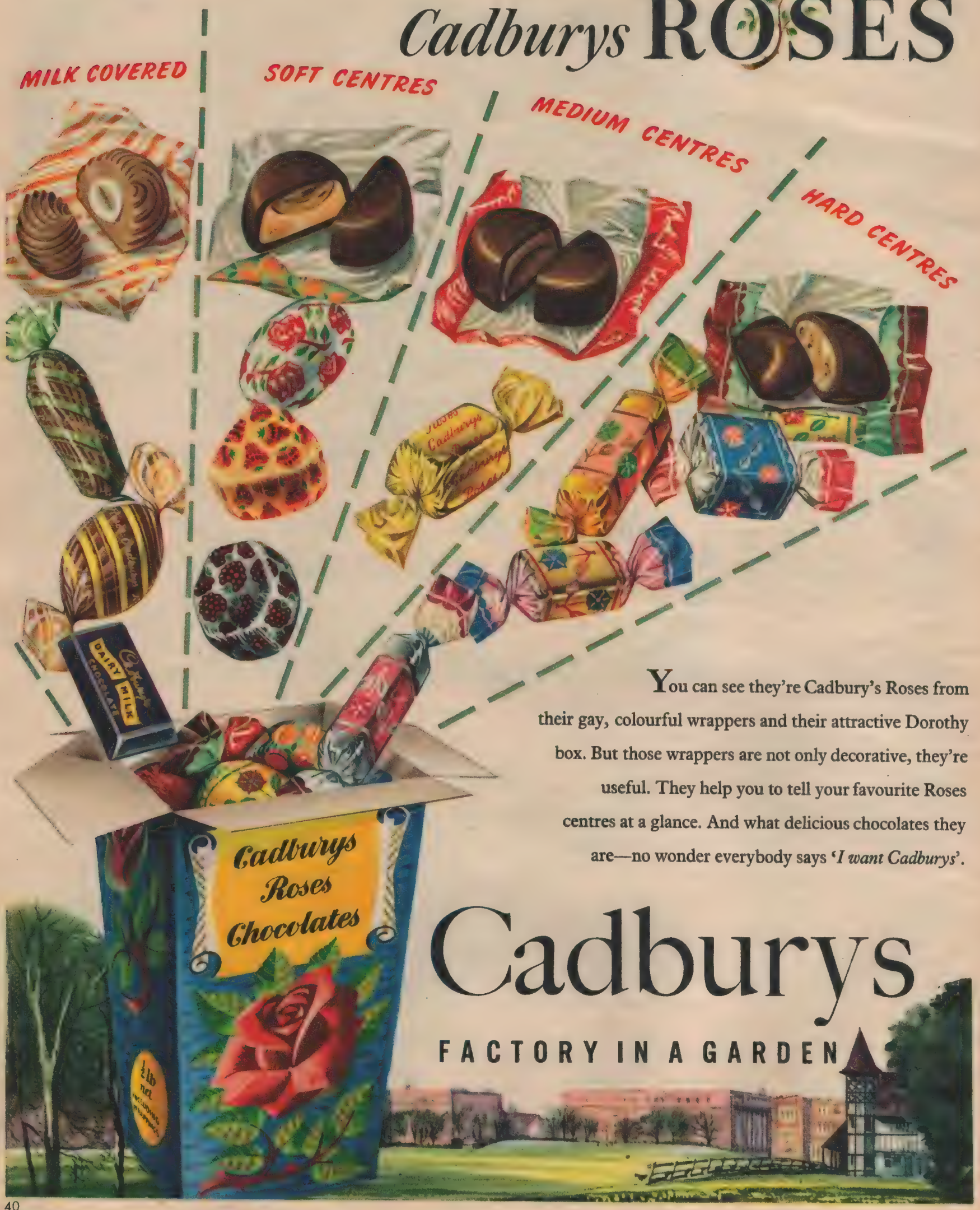
GAS—to be sure

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL

Issued by the Gas Council

GOOD THINGS FROM THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

Your guide to what's inside *Cadburys* ROSES



You can see they're Cadbury's Roses from their gay, colourful wrappers and their attractive Dorothy box. But those wrappers are not only decorative, they're useful. They help you to tell your favourite Roses centres at a glance. And what delicious chocolates they are—no wonder everybody says '*I want Cadburys*'.

Cadburys

FACTORY IN A GARDEN

particularly upon Bulldog, a look from his white-rimmed eyes which to men less angry would have been frightening for its malignity.

Bulldog and Biscuit talked plans late into the night. Sea-Wyf's wishes apart, Bulldog said, they ought to build a really sturdy raft and sail to the other island as soon as possible. It could not be more than one or two days' journey, but to be on the safe side the raft must be big and steady and supplied with enough water and food for a month at least.

NEXT morning they walked with Sea-Wyf to the wreck, which seemed to offer the likeliest source of materials for a raft. But the old sailing ship was not at all promising for their purpose. The broken planks of her sides were worm-eaten and for the most part waterlogged. The deck appeared fairly sound, but just for that reason it would be an extremely difficult job to get it to pieces.

"What we need is tools," Bulldog said. He began exploring the wreck, full of energy and determination. The others followed him.

The wreck had been stripped by storms, or human agency, of everything easily movable. The rest did not seem much use. For instance, the metal stays were so corroded that the individual wires of which they were made had broken here and there and stood out like rusty thorns. The deck rang hollow under their feet.

Because, even if they could take it to pieces, the deck would be extremely difficult to put together again, they decided to use it whole. During the following days the old bulwarks creaked and yielded under the blows of the anchor which, working together, the two men wielded like a sledge hammer or crowbar.

Gradually the deck was prised up. But it was a bitter disappointment when they saw how low the hard wood floated. It was awash and would support no weight. They needed far more buoyancy. That meant that they must use the masts.

Before beginning the tremendous task of unshipping these they took the deck round to the leeward side of the island. They accomplished this by pulling and pushing it, wading and swimming in the lagoon.

In the middle of this operation Bulldog went ahead to select a beaching site. Biscuit and Sea-Wyf rested, up to their waists in the warm water, their hands on the floating deck. Biscuit now felt cheerful as a boy, but

Sea-Wyf was gazing in the direction of the shack, and she looked troubled.

Biscuit said: "Don't worry about Number Four. Your spell will hold."

She faced him. "You know my thoughts?"

"I often seem to," he said. "But please don't look so startled. It's a great bond."

She smiled. He had noticed it before, but now it struck him particularly, how her serious face lit up when she smiled. She was wearing a big hat which she had woven out of palm fronds. It made a green halo round her head. Her neck and shoulders glowed golden in the sun. Biscuit felt a sudden heat inside him, then the emptiness of longing. "Sea-Wyf," he said.

She did not answer but, holding his eyes, a deeper colour mounted from her neck into her face.

"It's quite all right," he said. "I know the rules, although you have not spoken them. I promise not to make things more difficult for you. But when we get somewhere safe——"

"Then you will do something worthwhile," she said.

"Yes, I will. But you. . . . How do you feel? Please give me something to hold on to. If you do, I promise never to speak of this again till we are safe."

The colour had gone from her face. Standing in the water, in her ragged garment, she looked forlorn.

"When we are safe," he repeated, not knowing what his lips said, speaking with his eyes.

She very slightly shook her head. "Then we must say goodbye."

"I'll leave you alone for as long as you want until we have fitted into life again," said Biscuit. "But I'll be waiting. I would know if you died. I would know if anything happened to you or if you needed me. There is a bond, isn't there?"

She nodded.

"Then you do feel——"

"It does not matter what I feel," she said in a flat voice.

"Matter? Of course it matters. That is the one important thing."

HE started to move towards her through the water. He wanted to touch her, take her in his arms. But her expression halted him.

"Do you believe——?" she began, and stopped. She closed her eyes for a moment, then opened them again and said, looking straight at him, "The one important thing now is that we should stay together, all four of us, working together, struggling for the same thing, trusting in God. But directly we are safe, Biscuit and Sea-Wyf, Bulldog and Number Four will cease to exist. They will have other names, go different ways. I have spoken with Bulldog of this and he agrees completely."

"He would! He thinks only of himself. He does not want, when we are safely home, to have any of us hanging around him intimately, making claims of friendship. But I only think of you, and will not hide behind a nickname. I'm Michael Cannan, of no fixed address, but the Garrick Club would find me. Will you not repay the confidence and tell me who you are?"

He stood close beside her in the water, waiting for her reply.

Bulldog's voice came to them. "Sea-Wyf! Biscuit! Come along!"

She started and half smiled. "That is who we are," she said. "Sea-Wyf and Biscuit, who must build a raft."

To be continued next week

THE B.B.C.'s GENERAL GOES INTO BATTLE

Continued from page 17

engage in auctions for the television rights of many of the most popular public and sporting events. On the other hand, the B.B.C., with its immense and fertile experience, and an assured and increasing income from licence fees, can rely on a staff which, despite all temptations, has remained predominantly loyal. It is this factor which the soldier-administrator has worked hardest to foster.

It is an intangible asset, but as important these days as technical improvement and campaigning innovation. "You get the feeling Jake has built a concrete roof over your head," says one of the men who has worked with him longest. He puts good men in the top jobs and then lets them get on with their work.

Loyalty is built up in a score of ways. There is, for instance, a system known as "Grace-term" leaves, by which, in special circumstances, executives become entitled to three months' paid leave to undertake research projects or go abroad for experience useful to their work.

One man qualified for this concession at a time when severe financial cuts were being made in the European Services. He suggested that the time was not opportune. Sir Ian would not hear of it. "If there were only six men left, I would still want you to go," he said. "I want my top men to get the wider view as well as knowing their own subjects."

Sir Ian Jacob's own "wider view" derives from a career unusual for a soldier. He was born into a distinguished military family in September, 1899; he is the son of Field-Marshal Sir Claud Jacob. Educated at Wellington College, the R.M.A., Woolwich, and King's College, Cambridge, where he gained a B.A. degree, he waltzed through army staff college courses and by 1936 was Brigade Major of the Canal Brigade in Egypt. In 1938 he became military Assistant Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

When this developed into the Military Secretariat of the War Cabinet, Lt.-Col. Jacob became, with Sir Leslie Hollis, R.M., and under General Ismay, one of the fabulously efficient triumvirate who fed Winston Churchill with military facts, figures and plans during the long years of the war. They were an assorted trio: Ismay the urbane gourmet, Hollis the witty rough diamond and Jacob the ascetic intellectual.

Churchill came to rely greatly on Jacob's clarity of mind and incisiveness and sent him, as a colonel, to give General Auchinleck the unpleasant news that he had been deprived of his command.

When Jacob joined the B.B.C. he applied his maxim that dealing with people is much the same problem in any walk of life, and soon adapted his army outlook to civilian needs.

He used to be a keen cricketer, and sometimes played for the Bushmen's Cricket Club, composed of B.B.C. men in Bush House. In one game he started to discuss the placing of the field with Hugh Carleton-Greene, now head of the Overseas Service. Carleton-Greene cut him short. "Sir Ian," he said, "I'm captain today. You're at long off." And to long off went Sir Ian with an apologetic smile.

"Jake gives you the impression," says one of his aides, "that if he found you playing truant one afternoon at Lord's, he would probably not do more than come up and discuss the bowling. But if he found you playing hookey at the dogs, he wouldn't like it."

The Overseas Service has a central desk which prepares commentaries and features for use by the different language services. However, individual heads of departments are not required to use them if they can provide material they prefer from their own resources.

Shortly after Sir Ian joined the B.B.C., he noticed in looking through the utilization schedules that some of the later talks in a series of broadcasts had been dropped by some of the services. Calling the departmental heads together, he directed them to use the remaining talks. It was swiftly pointed out, not least by the head of the Central Desk, that this was directly contrary to normal procedure and deprived the individual programme chiefs of their discretionary powers.

The point was not lost on Sir Ian. It was probably behind the subsequent plans that he put up to Sir William Haley for decentralization in the B.B.C.'s administration, and his proposal for the twice-yearly top-level staff conferences which are major features of the B.B.C. organization today.

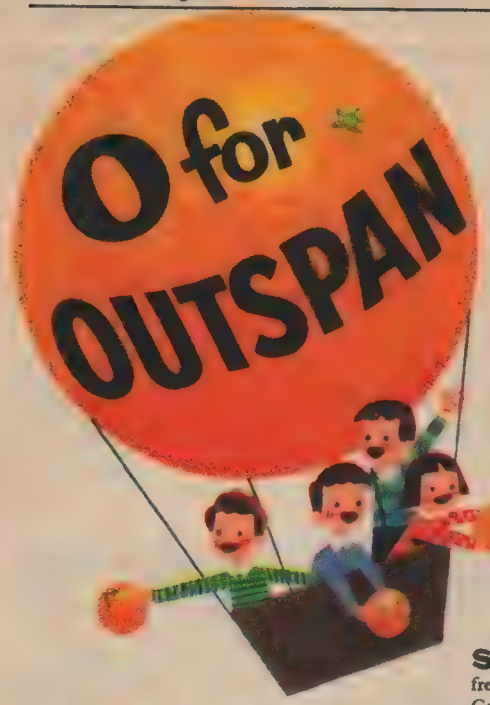
In May, 1952, he was recalled to the army, nominally for a year, to be chief staff officer to the Minister of Defence. After only five months, the B.B.C. governors asked for his return to succeed Sir William Haley as Director-General.

At Bush House, Sir Ian had directed what was purely an information service. He made an effortless transition to the controls of a comprehensive national broadcasting service.

A man of strong character and clear mind, he has deliberately set himself the task of becoming the sort of Director-General he believes is required in present circumstances. The iron dictatorship of the Reith days has gone for ever; B.B.C. programmes are now the products of a team, with the controllers taking largely independent responsibilities.

Sir Ian is disconcerted when critics depict him as a sort of Grand Mogul; the whole basis of his administration is the decentralization of power. He is genuinely appalled at the idea of one man being the only person to decide what goes on the air. He sees that the people responsible in the various fields have conditions in which they can exercise responsibility, initiative and intelligence. He wants to help them, and to make certain that the organization maintains its standards.

Far too much of his time over the



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2-3 tablespoonfuls caster sugar

Place unopened tin of milk in water and boil 10 minutes. Cool. Dissolve jelly in ½ pint water. Make up to ½ pint with juice of 2 oranges and water. Whip evaporated milk till thick and add cooled jelly, sugar, and grated orange rind. Whisk and pour into sundae glasses. Decorate with orange segments, etc. Serves 4.

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makes exciting biting!

past three years has been taken up discussing the problems raised by competitive TV. There have been inquiries, investigations, commissions. "We are continually being pulled up by the roots to see if we are growing," is his complaint.

Not that he expects peace from the public; he feels that it is natural and right that listeners should continually harry the B.B.C. about what it is doing. But all the extraneous interruptions have proved highly distracting. Sir Ian feels that few organizations have had to carry on in such difficult circumstances as have beset the B.B.C. over the last few years.

Despite these trials, an echo of Sir Ian's uncluttered wartime desk pervades the blue-carpeted and curtained suite he occupies on the third floor of Broadcasting House. There are two telephones, half a dozen easy chairs and a sofa, a spotless, empty grate and a television set in the corner—a relaxed informal atmosphere, with just a suggestion of military austerity.

His gentleness of manner is surprising. He is just above medium height, with a freshness of complexion which belies his fifty-five years, and he has a fascinating gift for lucid exposition. The concave horn-rimmed glasses tend to hide the expression in his eyes, but each time the light comes off the lenses there is a fleeting glimpse of calm detachment.

He is quietly dressed and wears, as likely as not, a B.B.C. club tie, somehow a reassuring adaptation of regimental tradition.

Double Pay Offers

Without fuss, but with endless forethought, Sir Ian is organizing the Corporation's campaign to compete with commercial television. The loss of staff has already been serious. And if the producers and technicians who have gone are followed by hundreds more, then standards will be affected. In some cases employees have been offered double their present salaries to join I.T.A. contractors, but there have been instances of men accepting only part of the difference to remain with the Corporation, either because they approve of its more certain standards or because they prefer the greater sense of personal security.

It remains to be seen what effect the need to retain a sufficient number of trained men and women will have on the overall salary structure. It is not generally realized that of the £5 million the B.B.C. now spends on its TV service, not more than a third is programme allowance. The rest is spent on technical apparatus, transmitters, studios, production units, staff and a hundred and one supporting activities. This is the sort of expenditure which each of the independent programme companies has to meet. Sir Ian does not feel that money will be the deciding factor in the long run, but he can take comfort in the fact that the largest proportion of the licence fee paid for each new set goes to the B.B.C.

Popular Appeal

Much is going to depend on the first two or three months of competition. If the commercial stations produce really popular programmes, viewers will pass the word round: "Look here, you ought to adapt your set, you are missing some jolly good stuff." On the other hand, if people comment, "Well it really isn't worth the money," then advertisers are going to start asking searching questions about the return they are getting from the medium.

Compared with the five or ten per cent of the possible audience which now tunes in to the most popular radio shows, the figures for television are extraordinary—producers feel that they have had an absolute failure if they have not attracted fifty per cent of the viewers. The Director-General is surprised by the high figures for some of the less significant TV shows. "That was really the end," he has been known to comment to his producers, only to be confounded by evidence of how many sets had been switched to that programme. He would be genuinely pleased if people watched television a little less and started being more selective.

There is a general tendency at the B.B.C. to fear that the commercial stations will adopt the less savoury antics of some of the popular press, and there is good reason to suppose that Sir Ian shares this prejudice. His personal tastes coincide with what must inevitably remain the Corporation's main obligation as the only national broadcasting service, the increasingly full coverage of current affairs.

"Jake is convinced that the future of television is more and more in the realm of what is going on, rather than in light entertainment," says one of his executives. "When all is said and done, light entertainment has been the same for over a hundred years—it is just the same old thing served up in new ways. You may find a new comedian, but all he has is a fresh way of telling the old jokes."

Sir Ian realizes that the B.B.C. must provide sufficient good light entertainment to keep viewers tuned to the more worth-while programmes. He would certainly begin to worry if the figures for the Wilfred Pickles show, or one of the top variety programmes, showed an alarming reduction, and the B.B.C. would make a calculated effort to win these viewers back. But Sir Ian's enthusiasm for using the medium to show one half of the world how the other half lives is great.

The B.B.C. is going ahead with the programme he announced two years ago for a thirty-six station TV chain to transmit two programmes. It should be ready to function within ten years. Depending on the government in power, this period may see much infighting. Wavelengths could be allotted to the B.B.C. or to the commercial stations, depending on developments.

The elevation, or debasement, of public taste will partly map the future, as will viewers' reactions to the concentration on entertainment by the commercial TV stations. The B.B.C. will try to maintain the high standards of its current affairs and documentary programmes.

Overseas Relays

Sir Ian plays his trump card next month when the Eurovision circuit is opened—although it is a Post Office link available to any service ready to pay for it. Not only will it provide a constant series of relays from other countries, but the possibility of providing the sort of programme which the B.B.C. regards as its speciality—newsreel coverage of the day's events.

This cannot come immediately. Even if cameras are on the spot to record a riot in Rome, or a border incident in Austria, the processing of film takes too long to make it available the same day. The difficulty will be overcome in a year or two, by using television cameras recording on magnetic tape. The B.B.C. will be able to switch to the place where things have been happening and get eye-witnesses to talk about them on the screen. It is this sort of thing that the B.B.C. will be spending its money and effort on in the future.

Sir Ian is conducting this development quietly and efficiently, as if it were a major military operation.

Although his family has produced such unexpected offshoots as a poet and a journalist, he claims no affinity with them. He has no artistic pretensions and although he has taught himself to appreciate classical music, he is content, short of public uproar and protest, to leave the running of such programmes to the expert producers in charge of them.

He remains an avid listener and viewer at his home, at Woodbridge in Suffolk. It is not a particularly good television reception area, so he has a specially built high mast to enable him to keep in touch. An excellent all-round sportsman, he finds relaxation these days in golf and shooting and, above all, in the sailing of small boats. To this he brings an almost violently competitive enthusiasm, rare in a man normally so mild in manner.

His Wife Helps

He has mellowed greatly over the last ten years. He has become eminently approachable and has the enviable quality of drawing the best out of the people he works with. "It's as if he puts all his personal lights on when he talks to you," says one of his senior executives. In contrast to the stories concerning his predecessor, Sir William Haley, who found during a series of farewell visits that many members of the staff did not know his name, Sir Ian likes to meet his staff and talk to them. In this, he is immeasurably helped by his wife, who still brings the easy "senior army wife" facility to the memory of such details as the Christian names of the children of staff members.

Even so, there is a subtle difference in the approach to him. Whereas, in the Bush House days, he was usually addressed as "Jake" or "General," according to the degree of intimacy, now it is "Sir Ian" or "D.G." He expects competence and loyalty from his subordinates, but not miracles. "Of course, he's no great brain, but then who is?" he has been heard to remark of a member of the staff who has found a somewhat routine solution to an awkward situation.

It is an attitude that suggests a slightly frigid aloofness, but it certainly breeds harmony and although the system he fosters may appear to be impersonal, Sir Ian's hand is never far from the controls. THE END

It's The Custom . . . in WEST WITTON

Jim Ward and an effigy of Bartle. No one knows who Bartle really was

The mysterious burning of Bartle

A FEW years ago, Jim Ward made the mistake of carrying Owd Bartle into the bar of the Fox and Hounds at West Witton in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

"There were yells of protest," says John Dewing, the licensee. "The objections were so violent that we dare not take Bartle into any of the pubs now," says Ward.

West Witton's parish church is dedicated to St. Bartholomew, and the strange ceremony of Burning Owd Bartle is carried out in the village on the Saturday nearest to St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24. The name Owd Bartle is a corruption of Old Bartholomew.

Every year, Jim Ward and Edward Harker make an effigy of Owd Bartle from old clothes filled with straw, with a mask for the face. At about half past nine in the evening of the day of the ceremony they carry Owd Bartle through the village, stopping at intervals while Edward Harker, "the Caller," shouts a doggerel verse listing the places nearby where Owd Bartle is supposed to have suffered injury:

In Penhill Crags, he tore his rags,
At Hunter's Thorn, he blew his horn,
At Cupplebank Stee, he brake his knee,
At Briskill Beck, he brake his neck,
At Wadham's End, he couldn't fend,
At Briskill End, he made his end.

Finally, Owd Bartle is taken to the side of Grassgill Road, under Pen Hill, and there, amid shouting, be is burned.

"When I first made Owd Bartle about five years ago," says Jim Ward, "I got a tailor's dummy and fixed it up so that the arms and legs would move. This Bartle was so popular that we made a straw duplicate and burned that instead. Ralph Dale, who kept the Star at the time, had Bartle propped up in his bar the next day. He frightened the life out of some people."

But there were protests in the village that the custom had not been properly observed. "I've not made a duplicate Bartle since," says Ward.

Burning Owd Bartle is a custom with a very long history. John Smorthwaite, who is eighty and was born in the village, recalls that when he was a boy Owd Bartle was burned at the close of the village feast, which lasted a week. "They used to put gunpowder in him then," says Smorthwaite, "and people got burned faces and singed eyebrows."

Some people object to the burning as an irreverence to St. Bartholomew. "It does seem strange to burn him," says Ward.

But Owd Bartle cannot really be identified with St. Bartholomew the apostle, who could never have come to England. The true Bartle was doubtless the man whose adventures are recounted in the old verse. And who he was is a historical puzzle that has never been convincingly solved.

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CYPRUS, THE TURBULENT ISLAND

Continued from page 13

all modern conveniences, were grouped in several "neighbourhoods" about the hills so that each house had its view of the sea.

The flatter land in the middle was to be occupied by the town centre, church, cinema, shops and so on. A five-storey hospital, the tallest building, made a bold accent in the landscape. And down on the sea's edge rose the officers' and other ranks' clubs with their terraces and bathing-places.

"Simply lovely, isn't it?" said Colonel Warth. I had to agree.

It was a far cry indeed from the bleak and dusty old cantonments of India which had hitherto set the standard of soldiering overseas. Kipling, one felt, would have been utterly lost in Dhekelia. Even in Cyprus itself, it was revolutionary: the first planned town on the island, the first with water-borne sewage, too.

"You'll notice," said the colonel, "that we plan to leave the countryside in its natural state. All those trees on the hills—the eucalyptus and the carobs and the olives—we're taking care not to interfere with them."

Comfort For Troops

We got into a jeep and drove out, climbing the gentle slopes, among the buildings of the rising town.

A few of the barrack blocks were already occupied. We went into one of them: small rooms, bedside lights, a shelf over each bed, a communal sitting-room at the end of the floor with comfortable easy chairs, a wide balcony running along the front. Three R.E.M.E. craftsmen, an armourer, a fitter, a mechanic, were talking round one of the beds. They smiled ruefully when I asked them what they thought about it all.

"You know what they call this place?" one of them said. "They call it Butlins!"

His companion shook his head gloomily. "I don't know: I've been in the army ten years—and I've never seen anything like it."

"This is what's driving blokes out of the army," put in the third, earnestly. Not long before he had been living in what he called an "*ouchee*"—a shack improvised from old boards, tins and paper—in Korea, with an allowance of two candles a month. Dhekelia, it seemed, had been too much for him.

"The spirit of comradeship is gone," he lamented. "Put a load of blokes down in the middle of the desert and they muck in together. But here, with their bedside lights and all that, they're individuals. It's what's killing soldiering!"

"The National Service men? Oh, the National Service men like it, of course. . . ."

"Butlins" aside, how are our servicemen, conscript and regular alike, finding their new home? To the outside civilian observer it would appear an enviable station indeed. The sea never very far away, a sun that shines almost every day of the year, a lyrically beautiful, still unspoiled island, large and varied enough to offer new discoveries for months, yet small enough to learn to know.

Army Holiday Camp

Cycles, motor-bikes, cars for hire by the day on reasonable terms. The Green Howards, indeed, had organized their own cycle club and were just then about to start a yacht club. At Famagusta, where there is a ten-mile stretch of gently shelving bathing beaches, the army runs its "Golden Sands" Holiday Camp. And if, for a couple of months in the summer, the heat may be oppressive, there's the chance of escape to the mountain resorts of the Troödos Range where the army has its "Pine Trees Camp" not far from the summit of Mount Olympus. In the winter this becomes a service ski-ing centre.

Cyprus is an island in which, if a man can't afford beer, he just has to make do with brandy. Imported beer runs to half a crown the half-pint bottle, the local brand, 2s.; but the troops can—and do—drink the reasonable Cyprus brandy at 6s. a bottle. Walled in by the rows of big casks in Phillipous' Wine Bar in Nicosia one could drink a glass of good local wine at two piastres, a currency since replaced by the mils.

Homesickness? That can at least be temporarily assuaged by a walk down Regaena Street, the mainstem of Nicosia's "English quarter," where all the familiar branded goods line the shelves of the big grocers' shops, and one can run the gamut from "Harry's Pub and Soho Restaurant" to the "Blackpool Fish and Chip," where a South African from Johannesburg fries deep-frozen cod from Grimsby; or the Blighty Arms, complete with bottle-glass windows and dartboards offers "All The Well-Known Brews." Football pools, too, are now among the island's institutions—so much so that on Tuesdays post office postal order counters have been known to sell out of the popular denominations.

Nevertheless, though there are many who are glad enough to be on Cyprus, there is a large school which looks back regretfully to the Canal Zone, with its steady reassuring round of tea-and-wads in the Naafi, tombola in the mess and a regular change of programme at the A.K.C. cinema.

Isle Of Cabarets

Money, the troops find, is apt to disappear with more than usually disconcerting rapidity in this agreeable island. Consider, for instance, the matter of the cabarets, which in Cyprus approach the proportions of a major industry. In Nicosia, at the moment of counting, there were seven cabarets, with others in every town on the island.

There are two or three big "family" places, where the floor-show, in effect a complete good-class music hall programme, may last two hours or more; there are others ("Out of Bounds to Officers") which, despite neon and grandiloquent advertising, are not far removed from "dives," and where on Saturday night free fights are almost standard.

But perhaps their most important feature—which all share in common—is that after the floor-show the hard-working "artists"—Italian girls, Austrians, French, Greeks, exotics from the Congo, even English: the cabarets generally book them through agents from photographs—become taxi-dancers, sitting and drinking at the customers' tables.

If he goes to a better-class cabaret, a soldier or airman will have to buy an admission ticket for from four to eight shillings; this he can use to pay for his first drink. Lesser places may make no admission charge, but of course duly adjust the prices of their drinks. If he dances with a girl, this will cost him from two to four shillings and, if she orders whisky, as well she may, the bill will begin its spiral course. A weekend out in Nicosia is thus very apt to produce a financial stringency which will make itself felt for some time.

As Private James Battle, of Middlesbrough, observed, laying aside his paint-spray for a moment: "I'd rather be in the Canal Zone. There was nothing to tease you there."

The army's married men have, of course, their own (and their wives') different yardsticks for assessing the grading of a new station. While Dhekelia is being finished, families live in army or private "hirings" widely scattered, wherever they can be found about the towns. Their neighbours are Greeks, Turks, Armenians. The thronged and colourful life of the island sweeps by their doorsteps. It is something of an adventure—although few may see it in quite that way.

Nikofora Phoka Street, where the Olivers live, is a narrow street, six or seven minutes' walk from the Larnaca seafront, where the ships lie just off shore, waiting their turn to load at the jetty.

No. 6 stands opposite a little mud-coloured Armenian house, with a date-palm rising behind, and in getting it Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant Oliver will sometimes admit that, on the whole, they were lucky. For though plumbing—as usual on Cyprus—is somewhat eccentric and Mrs. Oliver still grieves at times for her fireplace and gas-stove—No. 6 has no fireplaces and a paraffin cooker—the house is a new one, built by the landlady, in the Cypriot fashion, to provide a dowry one day for her daughter. The second floor, which the Olivers have, is spacious and airy.

A lemon tree, with real lemons hanging on it, flourishes just outside the kitchen window, growing up from the small yard below, between No. 6 and the houses of the next street where lives Mrs. Gilbert, whose husband is orderly room sergeant of the Green Howards.

"So that, when I'm feeling a bit fed-up, I can always go out on to the fire-escape and call down to her," explained Mrs. Oliver.

Talking By Signs

Andigone, Mrs. Oliver's Armenian cleaning woman, was just leaving, in a flurry of "Bye-byes." "Bye-bye" was the only English Andigone had, and Mrs. Oliver knew no Greek; yet somehow they managed to get along well enough. When Andigone wanted to refer to Bill Oliver, for instance, she would just point to the ring on Mrs. Oliver's finger. And, on her side, Mrs. Oliver could often get across through her thirteen-year-old son, Geoffrey, who had picked up quite a bit of Greek, playing with Andro and Chrysos, the twins who lived below.

The Gilberts, from the next street, came round for tea, and for a while the talk was highly technical and domestic. It rapidly emerged that in Cyprus the money question was one of great concern for married men, too.

I heard all about how difficult it was to get decent ready-made dresses, because the Cypriot women nearly all made their own; I heard about the terrible price of biscuits and how the meat was all the same price whether it was best cuts or scrag-end and the meat for two people could cost £1 a week as against fourteen shillings at home; I heard about the local fish which was not "our type of fish at all" but some strange thing the man who came down the street waved around at the end of a string.

Luxuries Are Cheap

The prices flew back and forth. Indignation mounted. "And that's piastres, not pennies, remember!" But the good wine in Mrs. Oliver's cupboard, bought at half a crown a bottle? The great bunches of grapes for three piastres? The magnificent glowing Jaffa oranges, straight off the trees, at seven for a shilling? The servants still available in Cyprus for £6 a month?

The two women were unshaken. "That's just it—your necessities are dear and your luxuries are cheap!"

For both it had been their first experience of living abroad. Plunged, like this, into the middle of the Greek and Turkish quarters of the towns, it had been a precipitate introduction to a world and values far from those of West Hartlepool or Durham City. There were many surprises. They had found, very quickly, that for a woman to go around alone, unaccompanied by her husband, was something that tended to be heavily frowned on.

"They think you're just terrible," they said, in astonishment. And, they added, if a woman should put on a swimsuit and go for a bathe anywhere near the town, well, she could be certain of being surrounded by a large and attentive male crowd in a matter of minutes.

In Nikofora Phoka Street the unexpected was very likely to happen. There

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

IN HIS graphic eye-witness survey of the Crossroads of the World, Harry Hopkins continues his account of Cyprus, the turbulent island, and meets Archbishop Makarios, religious leader and political strong man in the Cypriots' fight for Enosis. There are two superb new stories: Leslie Bonnet's delightful escapade *The Trigamist*, and a gripping Australian adventure, *Prodigal Son* by Jon Cleary. Joan Powe writes an amusing profile of Kitty Bluett, scatterbrained star of films and radio.

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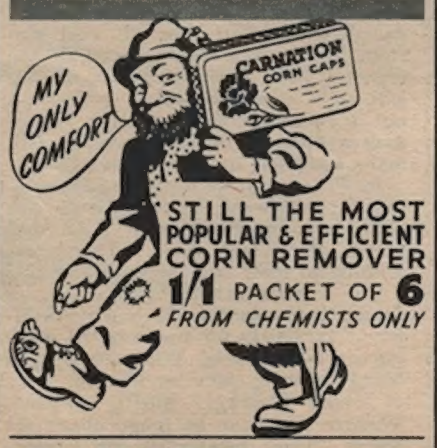

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was the day, for instance, at Easter, when all one's neighbours were dragging goats through the streets, goats purchased for family sacrifice.

"My landlady killed one in the yard down below. I shall never forget that horrible pool of blood. Geoffrey said to her: 'You're very cruel in Cyprus!' She said: 'Don't you kill animals in England, Geoffrey?'"

Easter has its less grim occasions: the richly dressed processions from the churches, bearing banners and images. And in January, Mrs. Oliver had taken Geoffrey down the jetty on the Larnaca waterfront to watch the bearded priest fling the gold cross into the sea and the men plunging into the sea in the race to recover it—an accompaniment of the ancient rite of blessing the waters at the festival of Epiphany.

There were always surprises. There was the time Oliver and Gilbert happened to go into a café when a wedding reception was in progress. They were a little taken aback to be at once given a pin each—with which to fasten a currency note upon the happy pair, already well papered with fivers.

On such occasions the Olivers were fortunate in having two Cypriot friends in the flat below them, "John" and "Mary"—in fact Janina and Maroulla, the landlady's sister and her husband, who worked for the military as a transport clerk. For the Olivers and Gilberts, Janina and Maroulla—and for their children their twin son and daughter, Andro and Chrysos—were ever-willing interpreters of the mysteries of island life.

On Chatting Terms

In thus having Greek Cypriot friends, the Olivers are fortunate, but very far from unique. Many, if not most, British families are on chatting terms with their Cypriot neighbours. It would be difficult indeed to live in so amiable an island and not to be.

But the bomb outrages? The grenades tossed into English gardens? The mobs, demonstrating against "British tyranny"? The barbed wire compounds of the "Terror Isle"?

The odd truth is that for months after their arrival, the Olivers—and all the other British Service families—could live among the Cypriots, meeting them every day, without hardly being aware—save for what the newspapers told them—that there was anything at issue between them and Britain.

There was, of course the writing on the walls—and, after a time, when one became a little more familiar with the Greek alphabet, one would spell out the big white-painted letters "KATO," and one learned that "Kato" meant "Down With." It was very often followed by the noun for the English.

Then, sooner or later, one would hear the monotonous chant, "Enosis!" which, it was explained, meant union with Greece. And when Sunday came, there would be the beautiful blue-and-white flags of Greece, waving from all the church towers, reinforcing the point.

Changing The Yoke

But it was all very quiet; just a part of the scenery, sounds in the air. And then, every few months, there might be some little incident that came to one's attention that might set one wondering about what might be going on in the minds of one's Cypriot neighbours.

If he thought about these things at all, the ordinary Englishman or woman, new to the island, found them bewildering.

The Egyptians in the Canal Zone agitating for "independence"—that was a clear and familiar enough story. But these people did not even want independence! Or they wanted it only just long enough to change one "yoke" for another. And how could they really be "Greeks" when Cyprus had never at any time in its history been a part of Greece?

In recent weeks, these questions, once largely academic, have been forcing themselves with a new insistence upon the attention. There is a new tension in the island air. Bomb- and grenade-throwing incidents have been mounting. Blood has been shed. Many Cypriots, however passionately

convinced of the rightness of the Enosis cause, are shocked and bewildered by such events. But, inevitably, a new constraint creeps into their meetings with ordinary Britons.

In all the long history of the struggle for Enosis, violence has been rare. But now it has started. It began on a small and fairly ineffective scale. But violence becomes a habit. It is a habit that grows.

What a tragedy if families like the Olivers and Gilberts, who have always liked and got along so well with their Cypriot neighbours, should now be compelled to regard them as enemies, caught up in a subterranean war of atrocity and counter-atrocity!

But this is so much larger than any merely local quarrel; it involves Turkey as well as Greece; necessarily it involves a large part of the Middle East. How disastrous, if, just at this moment of moving in, Britain's new Middle East headquarters should become the focal point not of consolidation and construction but of bitterness and destruction.

Can Cypriot aspirations be satisfied without placing the stability of this vital area in jeopardy? Can this old conflict, simmering since Turkish times, be resolved at last?

First, surely, one must know just why it is that Greek-Cypriots so ardently reject the hand that feeds them to turn to poverty-stricken Greece. One must honestly try to understand, as far as one can, just how and why they feel as they do.

NEXT WEEK: I interview Archbishop Makarios, strong man behind Enosis

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, Sept. 17, for early news of No. 2,003 result.)

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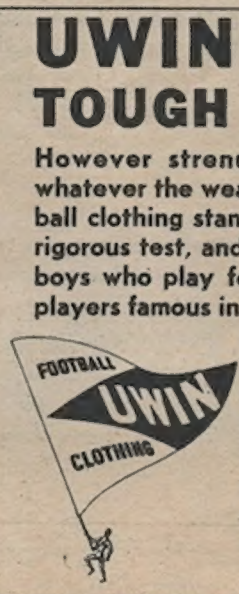

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